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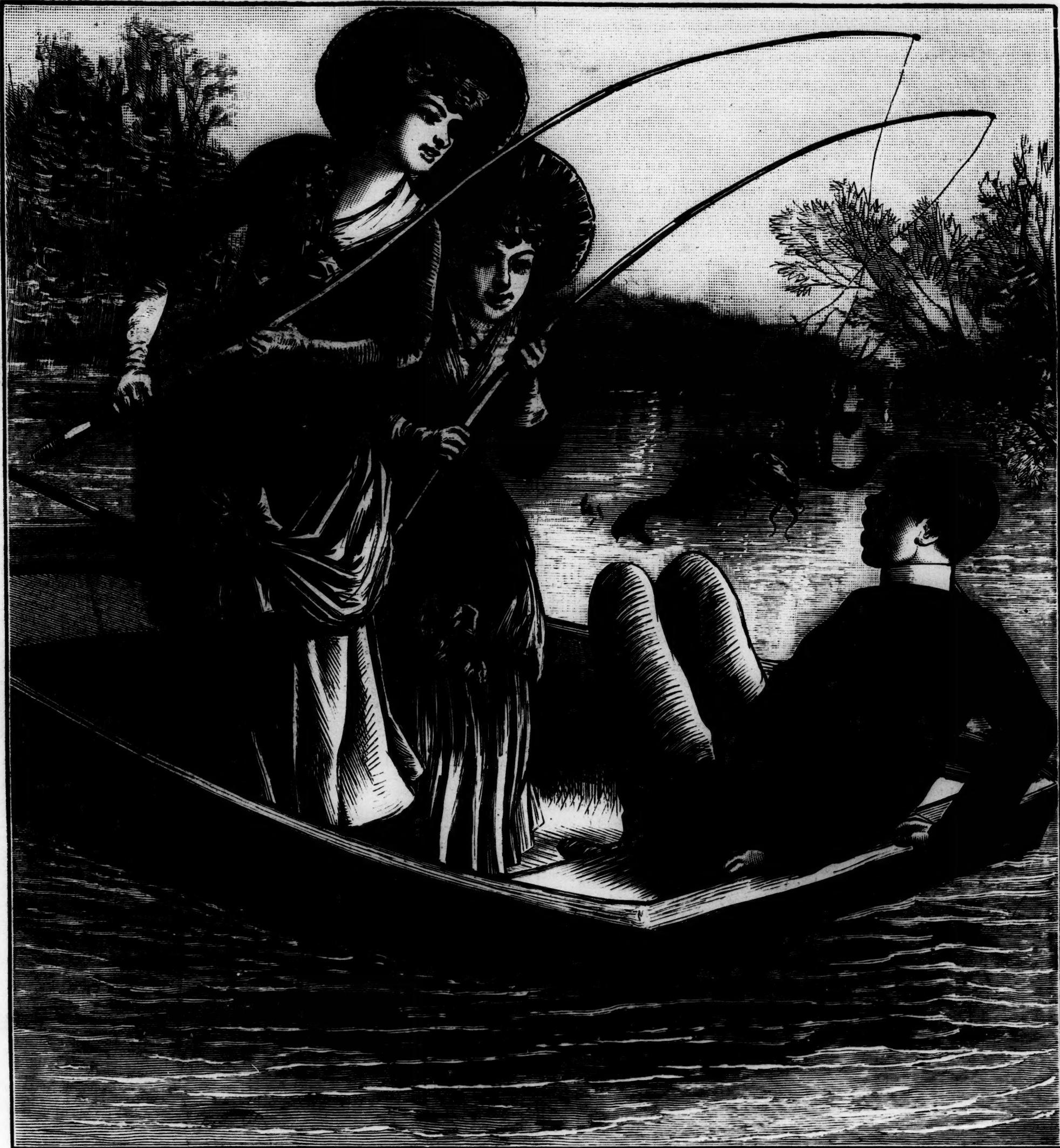
THE LEADING
ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL IN AMERICA.
Henry W. Fox.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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"CHOLLY" GETS A SCARE.

TWO SWEET GIRL GRADUATES OF VASSAR GET HIM OUT IN A BOAT TO FISH AND WANT TO MAKE BAIT OF HIM.



ESTABLISHED 1846.

RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
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THE POLICE GAZETTE

AND

WEEK'S DOINGS

The Greatest Sporting, Theatrical and Sensational Papers in America, sent to any address in one wrapper for three months on receipt of

\$150

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square and Dover Street, New York.

We acknowledge we've taken the *weigh* of the wicked as charged. We've sized them up, too.

GRASS widows are the social rage in Newport society now; but husbands will rage before the fall fairly sets in.

THE superficies of our cheek when we have a good work to accomplish is enormous, and don't you forget it.

OUR Jap, though wrestler, does much head work. He represents the intellectual department of athletics—all *but*.

WHAT a lot of cracked *bric-a-brac* the theatre managers are importing from Europe for next season. Objects of *virtu* they may be, but not of *virtue*, surely.

It is a feckless mind that can find anything of evil tendency in our columns. The hypocrite veneer of sanctity generally covers such a mind, we remark.

THE Salvation Army has done one good work. It has made the set phrases of the prayer-meeting and the canting whine of religionists ridiculous.

A BACKSLIDING member of Talmage's church who objects to the parson nosing out secrets, says he's a narrows nuisance in all his parts—in fact a living negation—all *nox*.

THEY'RE all wrong in Wall street. They've got the figures all right, but they're all broke up on orthography. The "trusted clerks" can't distinguish between *thrift* and *theft*.

THE only relation between the howling moralist of the day and true religion, is cozenage. That's another suggestion of the devil to us. He sticks by us every time, and never lets us get left.

THE reason so many Western men have been drowned in the surf at the seaside this year is plain—they're not used to water where they come from, and its dangers are unknown to them.

THE candidate of this campaign may in the end bloom out as a full-fledged scientist, competent to lecture learnedly on "The Climatology of Hades," for that's the place they are going through.

THE devil seems to be running this Presidential campaign from the word go. There's nothing but smutty stories in its literature thus far, and the parsons are giving them circulation.

To those who are nosing and snarling about the POLICE GAZETTE, we unfold our motto again: "Nemo me impune lacessit," which very freely translated is, "If you sit down on us you'll get hurt."

THE school-girls of the West who come to take a hack at the metropolis had better take care how they take a hack late at night at the railroad depots. Those fly-by-night Jebus are very "fly," indeed.

THE moralist sneaks who object to the beauty-line principles of our illustrations very naturally prefer the crooked lines on which they are accustomed to operate. The public has tumbled to their goodness at last, though, and they've become ridiculous instead of dangerous.

THEY'RE professional on all occasions, these actors. This summer, even when they were off duty, loafing around the Square, they laid for the stars they had supported and braced them on every opportunity.

THE officers make farmers of the garrison at Fort Hamilton. This is beating swords into plowshares, indeed; and we suspect there is other "beating" in it, too. The produce is sold and the money goes somewhere.

WHILE the moral people are about it, why don't they cast their eyes over the lithographs the managers of English burlesque are putting out? May be the managers haven't enough money to warrant a moral strike.

THE politicians seem to have adopted the principles of Chinese warfare. They are flinging stink-pots at each other. But let up, you warriors, for all of us fellows who are not in the fight have noses. Whew! It's awful!

ARE we wicked, or are we wise, when we inform a correspondent that *rectitude* and *rectitude* are not synonymous anywhere except in the vocabulary used by the persons in the church basements to convert the sisters?

FOR all our warnings the country parsons still continue to fall into the hands of the bunco men on the Brooklyn bridge at the rate of half a dozen a week. If they read the POLICE GAZETTE they would be too fly for the sharpers.

THAT old zoophile who writes us from the Historical Society rooms, quoting extracts from our editorials to prove our need of grace and reformation, had better be put back in the cage and locked up with the other fossil specimens.

THE drug-stores of the land are making women drunkards by the score. Wouldn't it be well to give the saloons a rest for awhile and pay some attention to the colored lights which are the beacons on the road to social degradation?

THE hungry Bohemians who correspond for the out-of-town press are clustered at Sandy Hook, keeping a sharp outlook for the head of the procession of foreign stars. If they don't show up soon there will be many sad cases of destitution reported.

WHEN a French modeler from the Eden Musee called on Capt. Williams lately and said he "wanted to do him up in some wax," the captain was inclined to take a fall out of him, but discovered in time that the whacks alluded to was spelled with an "x."

THE way some of our mashing actors dress in tights is absolutely "unfit for publication." If they don't do this on purpose, and want information we'll let them interview some of the "Police Gazette" athletes and learn how to dress respectably in "fleshings."

WE call attention to the fact that the more villainous the rulers of a Western State, the more swing swindling gamblers and desperadoes have in their bailiwick, the more intense is the opposition to the POLICE GAZETTE "on moral grounds." Isn't that thin?

How about this special legislation? Is there one law for the daily press advertisements and another for the POLICE GAZETTE? Is it a crime for us to publish "ads" that in their columns are perfectly virtuous? Suppose we leave this out to the public—or even to the courts?

WE have lots of thrilling glove fights in preparation for the amusement of our friends, the public, this winter, and they're all within the law, too. It's too bad we can read and satisfy ourselves of this, isn't it? The tract distributors have lost an elegant chance for a "strike." No wonder they think the law is not half strong enough.

THEY've got an elephant at Coney Island that not only takes you in irregularly, but is positively immodest in the way he casts you out. The animal must have an abnormally strong stomach, too, even for an elephant to take such a load on its stomach—and such meat as it is, too. You'd think the animal would be all broke up.

WHAT a great feature of our national sports the game of baseball has become! This season has set it further ahead than ever, and the POLICE GAZETTE will continue to boom it as it does everything that is worthy. Perhaps the moral reformers may find something wicked in this, too, when they discover that it is popular. That is to be expected.

LOTS of persons gone wrong this month; but still the young husbands and old fathers are blind. What a bully bulge the persons have, anyhow. It almost makes one wish he had taken that trade instead of a reputable profession which grants no opportunities to establish holy harems under the style and title of prayer-meetings.

IF horse-racing is too common and low for these millionaires of ours, why do they own race-horses and have their alleged performances against watches published in the papers? This seems like whipping the devil around the stump.

NOW the comic paper becomes more dismal than ever in the attempt to turn its wit into political channels, to catch a part of the campaign boodle. How melancholy! Both the principle and the interest of the thing we mean.

YES, the POLICE GAZETTE is always kicking; and the crooked parsons, the bogus moralists, the blackmailers and crooks of every degree bear the marks of its "kicks" on the most salient points of their physique. No wonder they feel sore.

IT is pleasant to note that the police have got on to the racket of some of the funny actors of Union square, who advertise for suckers to put up money as backers of shows, or to purchase engagements. Two of these "practical jokers" are in jail, and forty others ought to be with them.

AS the authorities in Texas cannot or dare not stop the murders and outrages committed by desperadoes there, they've had a law enacted and spread over the States making it immoral to publish the details of such crimes. The millennium has come for the criminal classes, it seems.

THE peristaltic squirmers who are trying to make the innocuous daily press news appear wicked when it gets into the columns of the POLICE GAZETTE, have tied themselves up in a hard logical knot, and we're not going to untie the wretched worms. Let them perish in their own tangle.

WE'RE twenty-one and over, and can read the laws of the land as well as the statutes of the Marquis of Queensberry. We don't require lawyers to construe these points for us. Any one who thinks we are not as pugnacious under the new rules as we used to be under the old, had better tackle us and find out.

NOW that the real forger of the Morey letter has been run down, Kenward Philip, who was subjected to many indignities under suspicion, ought to turn out a "bloated capitalist" with the proceeds of his twenty suits. Then there will be a circus in both hemispheres. One Philip rich is enough to revolutionize this sphere.

HEREAFTER when an officer is selecting a squad or a crew to go on an Arctic expedition he'll have an eye to the gustatory qualities of his men. There'll probably be a streak of fat and a streak of lean—something to bake and something to boil in case of emergencies. Men you note in the ranks will probably be equivalent to *menu* in the field.

PATTI has gone for a divorce from the sucker Marquis who has been living on her so long. She ought to get free of such a specimen. Nobility in France isn't synonymous with manliness. There's not a prize-fighter in the POLICE GAZETTE's coterie who couldn't discount Patti's Marquis in the true nobility of manhood. Shakes the sucker off, Adelina.

THE dead beat correspondents for out-of-town papers, men and women, are a nuisance to the theatre managers and politicians. They get more dead-head tickets than the whole reputable press of New York obtains, and "strike" all around with blackmail remorselessness. It is a wonder that reputable journals of the country allow such creatures to work their games in their name.

WE'VE "done" Canada lately, but met none of the American colony who have "done" New York. It was very flattering, the way that distinguished company of tony embezzlers avoided the figure-head of the POLICE GAZETTE. They slunk away as they would from the personification of justice, without its sword, but, armed with the modern boxing-glove, and ready to knock them out—out of Canada, clear over the border where the law could get a grip on them. Oh, these d—d thieves didn't take us for a cent. They had no confidence in us, and that's where their heads were level.

WE call the attention of the alleged moral people who object to pictorial papers illustrating items of news in which the least drop of blood is shed, to the fact that the Bible Society and the religious press violate this new law every day. They illustrate a most shocking scene of torture and bloodshed. They present to the eyes of impressionable childhood the picture of a man on a cross with nails driven through his hands and feet. What cowboy horror or vulgar brawl or scene of murder can equal that? Consistency is a jewel, but the swine of the churches and their hypocritical dependents nose it over in the trough as if it were a cobble-stone.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Specimens of Wit and Humor Culled From Many Sources.

"TRUST men and they will trust you," said Ralph Waldo Emerson. "Trust men and they will bust you," says an ordinary, everyday business man.

A MARRIED masher in an Ohio town has been cowballed by two young women. He is, doubtless, only too glad that, instead of thrashing him, they did not tell his wife.

IF your wife overhears you telling a friend "What a beautiful form she has, and how much you think of her," try to make her believe it is a new horse. It may work.

NONE but the brave deserve the fair. In this case brave, of course, refers to the male sex. But when we say none but the brave pull hair, that of course, refers to married women.

"WHEN do you think of celebrating your wooden wedding?" asked one Burlington citizen of another. "Ssh!" was the cautious reply, "don't mention it. There are altogether too many broomsticks and rolling-pins in the house already."

"CLARA, what makes you sit so close to George when he calls? I hope you will not forget the proprieties, my child." "Oh, but, ma, George is dreadful deaf." "Yes, I remember, your father was troubled with the same complaint before we were married, but now I cannot go through his pantaloons pockets in the morning without waking him up."

A FOREIGN gentleman begged to have "Home, Sweet Home" played at a party the other evening. A musician did so, giving the complicated variations of the tune. "I tan you, sare," said the visitor; "I think me understand now your 'Home, Sweet Home'—so nice and quiet to begin with, but, at the end, oh, what a row in the house!"

IT is reported that New York women play draw poker. But let us hasten to explain that this new accomplishment has no connection with the custom of draw poker that at one time made a husband's home life so dangerous during seasons of marital contention. Oh, dear, no; draw poker is only a harmless little pastime hitherto monopolized by the sterner sex.

IT is told of an old Highlander, who was rather fond of his toddy, that he was ordered by his physician, during a temporary illness, not to exceed one ounce of spirits daily. The old man was dubious about the amount, and asked his son, a schoolboy, how much an ounce was. "Sixteen drams," "What a guid doctor!" exclaimed the Highlander. "Run and tell Donald M'Tavish and big John to come down the nicht."

"Boy!" called out a New Yorker, as he snapped his fingers at a post office bootblack, "are you the lad I handed a dollar bill to yesterday to get changed, and you beat me out of thirteen cents?" "No, sir." "Look out! How do you know you ain't?" "Cause; do I look like a boy who'd beat you out of a shilling when I could walk off with the dollar? Stranger, you must have got hold of some poor little kid who'd just begun business."

A MAN'S life has been saved by means of an accordion. He was in a sinking ship, and the accordion was opened and used as a life-preserver. This is the first case on record where a man's life has been saved by one of these machines. It seems to be the general impression that they were manufactured purposely to destroy life, not to save it. An accordion that would not kill at a hundred yards never was considered much of a bonanza.

HE was a young lawyer, and was delivering his maiden speech. Like most young lawyers he was florid, rhetorical, scattering and windy. For four weary hours he talked at the court and the jury, until everybody felt like lynching him. When he got through, his opponent arose, looked sweetly at the judge and said: "Your honor, I will follow the example of my learned friend who has just finished, and submit the case without argument." Then he sat down, and the silence was oppressive.

ARTHUR GILMAN, the architect, who died a few years since, in his early years was improvident, but disposed to get all he could out of life. On one occasion he was arrested for debt, and went before a magistrate to take the poor debtor's oath. He was questioned sharply as to his style of living. He admitted that he boarded at the Tremont House, then kept by Paran Stevens, and that he paid sixty dollars a week for board. "But," said the magistrate, "don't you think that is a pretty high price for a poor debtor to pay?" "That's what I've been telling Stevens all winter, but it has no effect on him."

"WHAT a darned foggy, smoky old place this is, anyhow," said a Boston man who was visiting Cincinnati for the first time. "Why, it isn't so bad as that, I hope!" apologized his host. "Yes, it is. It's worse. Why, I couldn't see daylight this morning until 11 o'clock." "Ahem—um," replied the Cincinnati man, significantly; "did you get that note I sent around to you last night when you started out with the boys?" "No; what note?" "Oh, only a brief one to the effect that you mustn't mix whisky with Cincinnati beer." The Boston man has been able to see daylight earlier since his first night out.

MR. JUSTICE MAULZ, a well-known English judge, once addressed a phenomenon of innocence in a smock-frock in the following words: "Prisoner at the bar, your counsel thinks you innocent; the counsel for the prosecution thinks you innocent; I think you innocent. But a jury of your own countrymen, in the exercise of such common sense as they possess, which does not seem to be much, have found you guilty, and it remains that I should pass upon you the sentence of the law. That sentence is that you be kept in imprisonment for one day, and as that day was yesterday you may now go about your business." The unfortunate rustic, rather scared, went about his business, but thought that law was an uncommonly puzzling business.

My courage strengthened as I gazed; The words came rushing to my lips. The old, old tale of love was told, She glanced down at her finger-tips.

And then she spoke in accents low, While blushing red suffused her cheek. "It may be wrong for me to ask, But how much do you get a week?"

STAGE WHISPERS.

Now the Hurly-Burly of the Fakes Begins.

All the Dramatic Snides Marshaling for the Grand Aquatic Procession from Yurrup.

Windy Johnny telegraphs, "I'm off at last." That's no news. We knew he was off-away off-all along.

They breathe easier at the Union Square theatre now that they're assured A. M. Palmer hasn't got the Standard.

It's only an "ad," all this talk of Freddie marrying the Lily, after all. He isn't such a fool as he looks, a juful.

Those Casino slingers had better stop their fighting and look to their sinking ship. There are storms ahead for comic operas this year.

All the wild-cat companies with dramas by the wild-cat dramatists are, it seems, to get their start this season from the Union Square theatre.

The same old streak of good luck is open to Bartley Campbell this season. He starts out with "The White Slave" as usual, and makes a heavy rake the first thing.

Another distinguished debutante will take the boards this season. Gen. Banks' daughter will tackle "Juliet." She inherits her talent, for the general's wife was an actress.

In the hunt for a boodle which Irving will resume here this season he will have all his old scenery and costumes carried along. Among his new "props" he should bring a marriage certificate for Ellen.

Nigger ushers for Daly's will be the feature this season, they say. Augustin has evidently got some artistic ideas abroad. With such a father-in-law in front, white men don't hitch at all. Hence the artistic toning down.

Holy smoke! Two hundred crank amateurs already enrolled in Steele Mackaye's acting school! Two hundred embryo musicians eager to take lessons on the Chinese gong couldn't send a worse thrill of horror through the poor public.

The American mope has come to grief in London. Haverly has gone all to pieces with his "forty; count 'em." The creditors are more than "forty and you can't count 'em. The question is how are the wretched forty to return. Is it to be a swim?

There's a figure we miss from the show circuit. That good-natured and amiable chap, Max Strakosch. Isn't it about time he came to the front again? When there are so many snides claiming first place he should be able to rush clear to the top with no difficulty at all.

That plump, prude Clara Louise Kellogg is back from Europe working the interview racket for all it's worth. She threatens to go into opera as confidently as if she could still sing, but she can't scare us with that gag. We know she dare not put her terrible threat into execution.

What's the matter with you managers? Why do you hunt Europe for leading men? There are plenty here, ambitious young fellows who should be promoted before you begin to hunt out the shop clerk amateurs of London, and drag them from their counters to figure before us as actors.

Soubrettes come out strong this year. All of them of any note are to start off on their own hook as stars. The people, they think, like "funny business," and, judging from the characters of some of the managers who are to exploit them, there'll be plenty of it, and of the crookedest sort, too.

That white elephant, the Third Avenue theatre, is once more on McKee Rankin's hands. It looks as though that animal were going to crush the Forty-niner after all. Well, he wouldn't take our advice. The drama must be fed on beer to be kept going on Third avenue, and beer isn't in Mac's line.

No fool like an old fool. Here's a penny-flipping Raymond engaging himself to appear at the Gaely theatre in London next year. With the memory of his terrible guying in London two seasons ago fresh in his mind, too. His friends should look to him. His mental penny must be so worn that it no longer has either head or tail.

We're glad of it. Minnie Maddern has a fair piece at last, and has made a good square hit. She deserves it. She has labored long and patiently and has pluckily pursued her object under every disadvantage. Her success is ours, too, for it adds to our reputation as a prophet. We said so, long ago, and can point to the prediction in print away back to prove it.

The society Juliets don't pan out well this year, and the actors who have been in the habit of preying on this class of ambitious female tools are in jail for swindling. Things are getting to be as they ought to be, after all. The "society actress" goes back to her bagno—the advertiser for the "society actress" goes to jail. Elegant fitness of things! Exquisite balance of dramatic affairs.

"Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." Emma Abbot got mad at the critics and going over to England secured Laura Bellini, a soprano from Carl Rosa's troupe, to share the business with her this season. That settles it. Having a prima donna in the company who can sing is rough on her. The public will have its eyes opened at last to the fact that Emma can't warble even a little bit.

Those scandal mills, the Brooklyn amateur associations, will be in full blast this winter. They have everything on an amateur basis; over there, even to an amateur opera company, run by amateur gentlemen. This latter is run by a brassy person named Parsons who appropriately deals in brass musical instruments. Of all the God-forsaken cranks of that city of snides and hypocrites, this amateur opera horser is the worst.

That Duff gang's hooks are in again. Jimmy has secured the lease of the new Standard theatre. They think lightning may strike in the same spot twice, or the devil may send them along

another "Pinafore" free of cost; but they'll get left this time. The site of the Standard is an unlucky one, anyhow, but when the new building is made the palace of the veritable Prince Hoodoo, all the elements of nature will rouse and conspire to down it.

Already we hear that Minnie Palmer received tales of rich presents in diamonds, laces and money from the chump nobility of England before she started for home. And was there no *quid pro quo*? What a remarkably platonic strain there must be running through the nobility of to-day. They give away all they have for nothing. Oh, yes—we're all asses over here, and we'll believe anything you tell us.

Sheeny Solomons has plucked up courage again, and come from behind her skirts to start a law-suit in London. He tackles a newspaper to prove Lillian's purity. If Lillian would go it alone we'd be half asily, for we're always on the side of the pretty woman in a row. But when she deforms herself with such a hump as Solomons hanging on her shoulders, we turn aside to a neutrality enforced by the horror of the shocking thing.

Didn't we say so? The variety business has slopped over and swamped the rose-water aquarium of the legitimate drama. All sorts of queer fish are found swimming around in the crystal tank now, and scaly creatures of all sorts, crowding or swallowing the gold fish that used to have the perfumed waters all to themselves. There's no variety biz any more. It's all drama. There are no specialty artists; they're all actors and actresses now. What a precious mess it is!

Here they come at last. The grand procession of bums, snides, fakes and hamfathers who have been doing Europe for an "ad." They're coming back on us in grand procession, and have their Bohemian interviewers all ready at Sandy Hook to interview them. Thus they'll get a temporary bulge on the modest merit in the dramatic line that has lived at home on its salary without attempting to make a boodle by improper tours with the dandy drummers who cross the sea.

Fanny has overdone it. Having begun on the backward track toward leanness, she can't stop. She's in terror as she approaches the Bernhardt stage with the promise of even going beyond it. Gracious! And what then! Who'd think the buxom Fanny could fade away in this style? Her husband has lately started back to Europe, going, as we suspect, to give the anti-fat doctor who prescribed for her a good licking. Really we sympathize with Fanny. This is a waste of good material indeed!

Parading homely brats on the stage is a regular business now. Mrs. Fernandez farms out the innocents to theatres and makes a business of it for all the dramas that require babies as "props." This business should be stopped. It is cruel first of all, and besides, the children selected haven't a spark of dramatic talent. They have a sample of this infantile acting at the Madison Square theatre that should make the managers and the dramatic baby-farmers ashamed of themselves.

That Parisian beauty, the charming Theo, now a young and frisky widow, will open the season of French operas here for Maurice Gran, appearing in "Madame Boniface." The scene of the opera is a candy shop, and Theo deals out the "taffy" as she is competent to do. How the dudes will rush for the poor woman! She will regret yet that she ever allowed the fact that she is a widow to become known. Gran will have to engage a body guard for her, or some rich fellow will steal her, sure.

It strikes us that Ned Weston is making very poor use of Elle Ellister's talents. There's merit in that young woman, but she must be managed skillfully, which is the reverse of the policy that has been pursued with her since her marriage. Come—brace up, Ned, and have some style about you. Leave the stage, and look to the front of the house. Let some other fellow do the set phrase of stage love-making with her, while you keep an eye on the rolling boodle that gathers and grows as it rolls in the lobby, but decreases in inverse ratio as it rolls into the green room. Sabe, young man?

A cracked nut is the peculiarity of many men, but with smart ones it's only the result of brain pressure, and though it is bad to hear the wind, when it's in a certain quarter, wheeze through a smart fellow's skull, still the crevice lets out ideas in profusion at other times, and that compensates. Minnie Palmer's young man, though, offers us all the annoyances of a cracked caput with nothing in it. We're weary of hearing the hollow sound of the wind in "puff," whistling through the place where the cerebrum and the cerebellum ought to be. And this thing with the bass drum head is coming back to us! Oh, Lord!

Minnie Palmer gave a farewell supper in London, and Gasbag Johnny emptied himself in her praise, and in contemptible slurs at Lotta. We'll bet the strawberry blonde will make him and his plain star do some walking home if they attempt to play a season over the dramatic routes. Our public isn't like the English nobility; when they have stars they want the best—no "little one for a cent" will do for them. And when our fast young men put up money and presents they're sure to get something in return. Freddie Gebhard, for instance. Much as they rail at him, none of his critics will say he got "left," altogether.

The king of comic songs takes a back seat this season. Tony Pastor will devote his theatre to "comedy combinations." The first to try has caught on—the "Rag Baby" farceurs, a merry crowd albeit, and a clever. It is melancholy, though, to see so much comedy talent floating such a farago of trash. It pays, though, and that, after all, is the test. And, come to think of it, it is no worse than seeing the Madison Square haul in dollars with a single-idea piece played for more than it is worth by exceedingly clever actors of both sexes. And then, the "Rag Baby" has no homely children in it, and no idiotic "Burial of the Canary" gag. And, moreover, the actors give you plenty to laugh at in their cunning antics.

The public may believe the poor and unknown dramatist who declares that a running play has been partly founded on his work. This assertion is in most instances true. The fellows who sit in theatres in judgment on the plays submitted steal very shrewdly. They cull a situation here, a strong point there and a novel effect on the other hand, and combine them all in an "original work" after sending back the rejected manuscripts. The poor authors may recognize the skeletons of their ideas in the profitable running play, but they cannot prove authorship, and

all they get for their complaints is the "grand laugh" all around. They're a low order of animals, these theatre people, and their notions of right and honor of the most remarkably crooked sort. But why are there still fools who send plays to theatres to be thumbed by literary carpenters and alleged dramatists? Why don't they tumble and hold back their plays, to the end that the Belascos, and the rest of these heaven-born dramatic writers, may sink out of sight beneath the weight of their own stupidity?

The temple of the cranks, the new Lyceum theatre, on Fourth avenue, will open early in the fall as a dramatic school, under the direction of Steele Mackaye, who will cavort his hobby on the stage while Dan Frohman captures the shekels in front. All the crank maidens, the angular school-marms, the wealthy "society ladies," and off-color beauties who have wealthy backers will fill the classes. In this view the scheme is a grand one, but as to its results on the drama, we view the future with undisguised horror. The whole thing is a humbug. Acting cannot be taught in the way proposed. We'll wager big odds that in three years the Lyceum school will not produce even one mediocre actress. In the first place, the instructor, Mackaye, is only a visionary theorist, and life is too short to be wasted in telling what he doesn't know about the art. It is the blind leading the blind, indeed.

It's a cut-throat game, this war of the spectacular drama, and the Kiralfys, being the more cunning cut-throats, are likely to survive the scene of slaughter. Their regular season does not begin until October, no matter what may be their protestations. Their grand spectacle, "Sieba," will then be presented at the Metropolitan Opera House. First they devote themselves to the task of killing off Poole & Gilmore as spectacular rivals. They hired the Star theatre in order that they might do this, and thus far they have managed it very artfully. They mask their operations under the pretense that they intended to get up "Sieba." Their rivals didn't think of the impossibility of presenting this intricate show on so small a stage, and were completely deceived. At the last moment the Hungarians unmasked their batteries and came to the front with the German spectacle, "The Seven Ravens," the identical piece that has cost so much money to the Niblo's management. The Kiralfys put the work on the stage at half the cost of the rival presentation, and with their ballet show, drawing as they do from all the novel choreographic figures of the French stage, knock the very stuffing out of all opposition. You see they are ballet masters who travel, and very "fly" ones they are. They'll have a clear field for "Sieba" by October, sure.

Harrigan has tumbled at last. He will give Tony Hart a chance to sing in his next play. This will be an excellent local picture in Harrigan's best off-hand popular style, dealing with ward politics, low life and social characteristics of the substratum of metropolitan life. Apropos of this there have been for some time rumors in literary circles which we propose to squelch right here. When Harrigan makes a hit with some song, or the deft working up of some point of rude human nature, the gang of critics who hold up the bars of the theatre neighborhood between the acts, wag their heads wisely, and whisper: "Yes, it's very good, but Harrigan doesn't write these things?" If you ask who does then, they give you an evasive answer. Several times we have pursued them until we have got them to name the author they mean and in each instance the one mentioned has been Bob Morris. Bob never says this, though. Harrigan is not a polished writer, but he photographs like a genius. There is no polish in his plays—the dialogue is not possessed of the least literary grace. The whisperers are not willing to acknowledge that Morris made the errors or is responsible for the *gaucheries* of rhetoric, or even the violations of the rules of syntax, but they want to cull all the flowers for him without giving Harrigan the credit for even the weeds. We believe, to put it plainly, that they lie like a lot of sneaks when they buzz this story around. We think Harrigan writes the plays. We're sure if any one of the dramatists of the period had written a line in for him, that dramatist of the period would long ago have advertised himself as the author of all. This is a mean business, we take it; and going on behind Harrigan's back for three years without his knowledge, too. He ought to be mad when he hears of it. But keep your shirt on, Ned; you've got the bulge.

A TERRIBLE TEXAS MURDER.
Another Little "Eccentricity" of One of the First Citizens.
They're keeping up their reputation in Texas for outrageous and sensational crimes. Here's a fair sample. At Arlington, Texas, recently, R. A. Lindsey murdered his stepfather, James A. Wright, and his stepmother, Fannie Wright, both of whom were in bed at the time.

Lindsey, for cause not definitely known, entered the house inspired by a murderous frenzy, made his way to Wright's room and pistolod him to death. The report of the firearm aroused Fannie, who arose in bed, but before she could gain the floor, Lindsey shot her through the brain. The other sister fled shrieking from the room, followed by bullets from Lindsey's pistol, fortunately without effect.

Lindsey escaped to the woods, and at last accounts was at large, though closely pursued. He is about thirty-three years old. Wright was one of the most prominent and respected citizens in the county. John Lindsey, the brother of the murderer, was arrested as an accomplice to prevent his giving assistance to the fugitive.

"CHOLLY" GETS A SCARE.
(Subject of Illustration.)
The Vassar College girls are, like collegians of the opposite sex, given to athletics lately. There are no flies on those learned girls. They believe in muscle as well as brain, and they are up to a larv with the best of 'em when opportunity offers. The last of the dudes, tradition has it, was killed off by two of those muscular "sweet girl graduates." That the race is extinct is, according to the archives of the college, due to the fact that two of them asked a "Cholly" to go out fishing with them one day. After torturing the poor thing with threatened duckings that would disarray its raiment, they scared it quite out of itself by flopping a catfish in its face. "Cholly" has actually shed his dude cuticle, and having become a man is to figure as bridegroom in a wedding with one of the fair fishers. We have the names, but it would be unfair to tell on the score of politeness, and, moreover, we wouldn't give the girls away to their stern professors, who don't believe with us that "All's well that ends well."

HER HUSBAND RETURNS.

His Corpse Flung Through a Window to Spoil His Widow's Love-Making.

[Subject of Illustration.]
The wife of Martin Ray was never friendly with his family. She was brought home with him after a trip to Europe and introduced to his relatives as his wife. Martin was not young, but she was. He was not handsome, while she was charming. His brothers and sisters said he was not well treated by her. In fact, they said he was dead—dead—that she had lovers under his very nose. In fact, so she did, and the little hamlet near Pittsburgh, where Martin's business interests lie (he was deep in iron and coal production on his rich estates), fairly rang with the scandal of her secret goings on. Two months ago Martin was taken sick, and Hilda, his wife, they say, played fast and loose with two lovers in the parlor while he was breathing his last in the room above. However this may be, it is true that there were two suitors for her favor before her husband's death, and on one of these she frowned and on the other smiled. When Martin died there was a quarrel with the brothers and sisters as to who should have the remains and where they should be buried. They came into the house and took the body away. To please the angry Hilda, the lover least favored, Charles Haught, started out to steal the body from the parlor of his sister's residence, where it had been taken preparatory to the funeral and have it placed at the disposition of the wife. He accomplished this, but while he was away his more favored rival got in his fine work. Returning late at night with the ghastly prize in his wagon, Haught peeped in through the windows of the parlor and saw Hilda in the embrace of his rival. In his rage, aided by his hired man, Haught took the corpse from the wagon and flung it through the window, and, carrying sash and all with it, the dead body of the fickle woman's husband rolled at her feet. She fell in a fit, and both her lovers fled and have not been seen since. The shock was so great that it was feared for a time that her reason had been overthrown. But she recovered in a day or two, and is now hunting the scared lover, who seems to have taken the return of the dead husband from the grave as too bad an augury for him, and evidently fears to proceed with the wooing of so fatal a widow.

THE CHAMPION BEATEN.

Edward Hanlan Defeated by William Beach, the Australian Oarsman.

About 20,000 spectators packed the steamboats and lined the banks of the Parramatta river, Australia, on Aug. 16, to witness the great single scull race for £500 (\$2,500) a side and the championship of the world, between Edward Hanlan, of Toronto, Canada, champion of the world, and William Beach, of Sydney, Australia, the champion of New South Wales.

Hanlan was a heavy favorite at seven to four, owing to the fact that he easily defeated Elias C. Laycock. The race was well contested for two miles, both oarsmen making a desperate struggle for the lead. Amid the wildest enthusiasm, and tremendous cheering, Hanlan for a few seconds appeared to shorten his stroke, and at the same time Beach gained the lead. Hanlan pulled hard and vigorously to close the gap, but Beach, who was rowing in splendid form, appeared to have more strength than the American, and he continued to widen the gap. Hanlan tried all he knew to keep up with Beach, and the pace was terrific for half a mile, when Hanlan showed signs of exhaustion. Beach kept the lead, and won easily by six lengths.

The scene at the finish beggars description. Cheer after cheer came from thousands of throats, flags were waved, and on Beach reaching his float he was carried to his boat-house amid cheers given for the champion oarsman of the world.

MORE SLAUGHTER BY COWBOYS.

Desperate Battles with the Horse-Thieves of Montana.

A correspondent writing from Helena, Montana, under date of Aug. 9, states in regard to the war that has been going on for a month between the cowboys and the cattle thieves: Meager particulars have been received of another slaughter of horse-thieves in the Muscle Shell region, 150 miles northeast of here, last week, by cowboys. While in pursuit of stolen horses a log-house was discovered in the timber on a mountain side. It was secretly watched a day or two, during which time several small parties of men came and went, some by day, others by night, having in their possession horses evidently stolen. It becoming evident that it was a horse-thieves' rendezvous, the cowboys congregated and last Monday night crawled up close to the house and attacked it.

Of fourteen horse-thieves about the premises at the time, nine were killed and five escaped. The cabin was set fire to and burned. No particulars have yet been received of the fight of Granville Stuarts cowboys with a band of thieves at the mouth of the Muscle Shell, though the fight must have occurred several days ago. The locality is over 200 miles from Helena, with no telegraphic communication. There never was a period in the history of this or any other Territory when so much horse-thieving was going on. Citizens are determined to effectively put a stop to it. Fully fifty thieves have been hanged or shot in the past month.

THE DOG DERBY.

The first meeting of owners representing dogs in the Puppy Sweepstakes for 1885 took place at Arthur Chambers' Champions' Rest, Philadelphia, on Aug. 14. It was decided that the race should be conducted much the same as last year with the exception that the entrance fee should be \$50 instead of \$45. Seven entries were received, which include two belonging to Arthur Chambers, Joe Acton one, Fred Taylor one, J. Gee one, C. Lee one and T. Clark one. All the puppies are out of Let Her Come and Nigger, by Jack. The entries will close on Tuesday, Sept. 2. The differences in the ages of the dogs will be remedied by the older ones allowing the younger so much start for each week, which will be decided by vote.

In addition to the stake money and gate receipts, R. K. Fox will present the winner with a handsome "Police Gazette" champion gold dog-collar valued at \$150, and Arthur Chambers and Joe Acton will also present the winner with a fifty-dollar bill. Several other special prizes will probably be contributed, which will make the race even more interesting than that of 1885. There were sixteen entries in this year's race and the stake money amounted to upward of \$1,000



MARY WILTON,

THE CLEVER SPECIALTY ARTISTE.

The Pastor Took a Tumble.

A minister in Cleveland rode to church last Sabbath on a bicycle. As he swept up to the sacred edifice, a large Newfoundland dog, belonging to the senior deacon, came lumbering out to greet the pastor. The bicycle struck the canine head on, under a full head of steam, and run him down with a shock that could be dis-

tinctly felt with the naked eye. The reverend took a header and jammed his high silk hat down over his ears so tight that he had to crawl clear through it to get out of it. The scattered leaves of a seven head sermon flew around the avenue like a theological snow-storm. The dog made Rome howl with his walls and attracted a crowd of three hundred people. The parson's coat was split down the back and his trousers



HONORING THE QUEEN OF THE TURF.

THE FLORAL RECEPTION OF MAUD S. AT SARATOGA AFTER HER GREAT ACHIEVEMENT OF BEATING THE RECORD.

ripped across the knees. He pinned up the knees, and he had to wear a pepper-and-salt sack coat the sexton loaned him. When he appeared in the pulpit in this garb, the congregation smiled, and when he announced his text, Second Kings, twelfth, sixth—"But it was so * * * * the priests had not repaired the breaches"—there wasn't a dry eye in the convective. And now the question before the

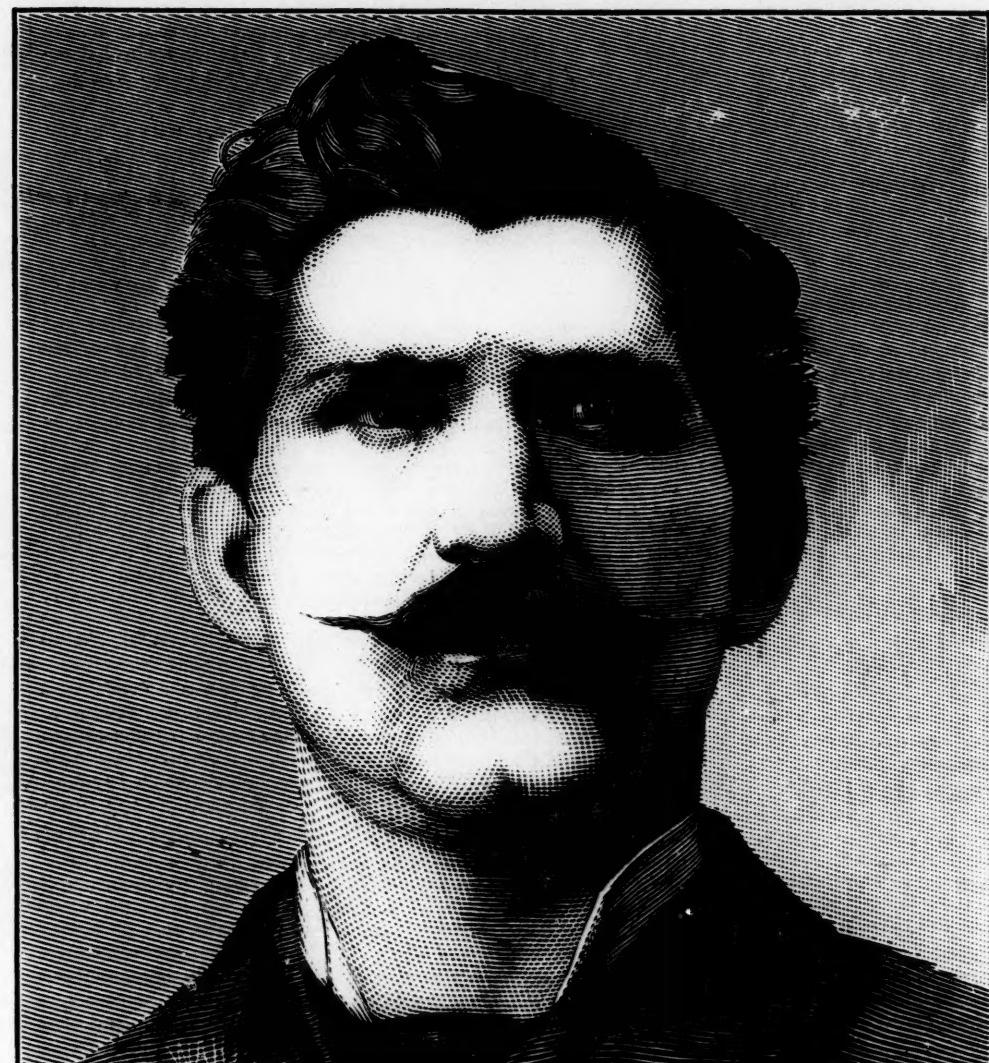
church is, "Should the pastor ride a bicycle to church, or has the deacon a Christian right to own a dog?"

It is a solemn thought that every time your heart beats some immortal soul is born into this world of care and toil and sorrow, and every time "Sweet Violets" is sung some human being lies down and passes to his eternal rest.



A MADMAN IN COMMAND.

BOW THE CRAZY CAPTAIN OF A GERMAN SHIP ATTEMPTED TO ENFORCE HIS COMMANDS AND WAS DISCIPLINED HIMSELF.



CHARLES DIAMOND

THE MUSICAL AND SALTATORY ARTIST.

As Big a Man as a Cashier.

A package of \$20,000 in currency was made up at the paying-teller's desk in the Leather Manufacturers' National Bank, 29 Wall street, on Aug. 8, for the bank's correspondent in Evansville, Ind. Of the \$20,000, \$8,000 was in the bank's own \$20 notes, and the rest was in \$5, \$10



MRS. RUSH H. TEVIS,

THE DIVORCED AND REUNITED WIFE OF THE ST. LOUIS MERCHANT WHO RECENTLY COMMITTED SUICIDE.

and \$20 notes of other banks. The bank's own notes had just been signed by the president and cashier, and had never been in circulation, and were numbered from 2,495 to 2,594 in the four series A. B. C. and D. Messenger John McMahon was directed to take the money to the Adams Express office. He had been employed by the bank ten years. McMahon brought back the receipt-book promptly, and was at the bank until it closed.

Next morning he was missing. Inquiries were made at 356 Third street, Brooklyn, N. Y., where he lived with his wife and four children. He was not there. At the express office it was learned that the \$20,000 package had not been delivered.

McMahon is twenty-eight or twenty-nine years of age, and has been reputed capable and honest for the last ten years. He is described as 5 feet 7 inches high, rather stout, and of a dark complexion. He wore a mustache and straight military whiskers. The officers of the bank have a theory that he has gone to some port in Canada by a sailing vessel.

Wanted For Murder.

Superintendent of Police Austin J. Doyle, of Chicago, is anxious to lay his hands on John Dean, whose portrait we publish this week. Dean is wanted for the murder of Chas. Reilly and Alexander Atwell on the night of July 20, 1884. He is described as being twenty-four years of age, 5 feet 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches tall, slim built, sandy hair, blue eyes, light complexion, smooth face, left ear partly bitten off.

He Lassoed an Actress.

The venturesome variety actress, who, in her professional enthusiasm, dares the wilds of Montana for a tour, has often a tough time of it. Women of any kind, much less those of alluring dramatic ways, are so scarce in that vicinity that the boys go wild over them. Startling outbreaks of eccentricity are the frequent result



JOHN DEAN,

WANTED IN CHICAGO TO ANSWER THE CHARGE OF MURDERING CHARLES REILY AND ALEXANDER ATWELL.



JOHN McMAHON,

THE MESSENGER OF THE LEATHER MANUFACTURERS' NATIONAL BANK, N. Y., WHO WALKED OFF WITH \$20,000.



EDWARD R. MARSHALL,

A NOTED FORGER, WORTH \$100 TO ANY ONE WHO RETURNS HIM TO THE SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE, CHICAGO.

known in New York; also served time there; is a member of the Val Gleason gang of forgers. He was arrested there for passing \$50 Bank of England notes, and escaped from station. Description: Forty-two years of age, 5 feet 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches tall, stout build, weighs 170 pounds; brown hair, is slightly bald on top of head; has light-brown mustache and side-whiskers, cut short; prominent nose, inclined to be hooked. Scars: One gunshot wound on back of left forearm, and one small scar, one-half inch long, on lower lip, runs down from corner of left side of mouth; speaks in a calm, easy tone.

Belle Boyd Again.

Quite a sensation was created at Dallas, Texas, on Aug. 4, by J. S. Hammond, husband of Belle Boyd, the noted Confederate spy, assaulting a young lawyer named Ray Shepherd, alleging that his wife and Shepherd had been too intimate with each other, destroying his home and happiness.

Mr. Hammond, on being interviewed, said:

"I request suspension of public opinion until the whole truth can be shown. My wife run me into debt overwhelmingly, and has not behaved as a true wife or woman would in entertaining male friends — strangers to me and against my wishes. Among the number is the man Shepherd, whom I today assaulted. I have prepared papers to show for a divorce. There can be no reconciliation now between myself and Mrs. Hammond. The world is big enough for both of us."

Mrs. Hammond, on being interviewed, rehearsed a long chain of alleged brutalities, intimacies with other women, false accusations against herself and jealousy of her husband against other men. She has, also, divorce papers prepared and has engaged counsel. She claims that Shepherd has only acted the part of a friend and gentleman, and that he was a student of hers in the study of elocution.



HE LASOED HIS "MASH."

A SMITTEN COWBOY'S BARBAROUS ATTEMPT TO ABDUCT AN ACTRESS, BY GETTING HER ON A STRING, LEADS TO A LIVELY BATTLE.

THE
BROADWAY ROUNDER.
No. XV.

THE CRANK AMATEUR.

HOW HE FIGURES ON THE TURF, IN SOCIETY AND ON THE STAGE.

A great friend of mine is the fortunate possessor of one of the most promising young horse on this continent. He is an animal of such rare prospects—the horse, not my friend—that the Dwyer Brothers, who have apparently made up their mind to buy up every thing that can gallop a mile in two minutes and a half, lately offered him a very handsome price for his noble chestnut.

And, by the way, talking of chestnuts, what a fortune every modern negro minstrel has in his *repertoire*, assuming that all chestnuts are of equal value.

But, to return to my mutton. My friend, of course, has several other horses, and is a devoted patron of the turf, which means that he makes a good deal of money by giving or taking the odds for or against the flyers. Three weeks ago he invited me to join him in a trip to Sheepshead Bay to look up his training stable and see how his string was getting along. I gladly accepted the invitation, and down we went.

Now, if anybody fears that I am going to bore him with a fervid description of a racing-stable or an exposure of the way horses are prepared for their various "events," anybody is quite badly deceived. I am going to do nothing of the kind. I am going, simply and straightforwardly, to use my visit as a sort of text.

After we had carefully inspected the horses and chatted with the trainer and tipped the jockey who was to ride my friend's chestnut next day, we went for a stroll through the colony of stables which has established itself so firmly in Sheepshead Bay. When we arrived at the institution presided over by a jovial, red-faced Irishman from Galway, who is one of the best-known and most popular of all the men who educate horses for their performances on the course, we were obliged to take notice of a party of New York "swells" of the most pronounced variety. They had driven over in a handsome drag, and the grooms were standing at the heads of the leaders when we got up to them. The party consisted of five young and very pretty girls, richly dressed and chattering like so many parrots, two fat, red-faced, elderly dames, who were only too evidently brought along to look after the proprieties, and four young men in gray suits and light cassimere hats, who looked to a critical eye to weigh about 65 pounds apiece.

Several jockeys and stable-boys who were lounging about the place regarded the "slims" with an air equally compounded of regard and respect for their possibilities in the way of cash "tips" and contempt for their striking want of flesh and manliness. So far as weight went, the stoutest of the four would have humped the scales at a lower figure than the smallest jockey looking on.

GROTESQUE FIGURES.

As we talked to the genial Irishman who rules the roost at this establishment, one of the "swells" disappeared in the building, leaving the rest to keep up their silly and unceasing chatter during his absence. But the gilded youth was not gone long. In three or four minutes he made his reappearance in a garb so grotesque and gorgeous that he looked like a rather good sized humming bird or butterfly. On his round, little head he wore a jockey's cap of orange, azure and cherry. His shirt, of the finest silk, was of stripes of orange, azure and cherry, in broad bands. His sash was as brilliant as the wing of a macaw, and his tight-fitting breeches were of snowy buckskin.

Magnificent as he was in color, I don't think I ever saw a more comical-looking spectacle. From under the long visor of his cap, his thin, slender nose, beset with a pair of eyeglasses, peered out in the drolllest possible manner. His little chest, in its puffed and bellying silken shirt, was no broader than a child's, and, as for his two queer, little pipe-stem legs, displayed in all their pitiable paucity by his tight riding-breeches, no language or description of mine could possibly do them justice.

I was so amazed by the sight of him that I watched him, open-mouthed, listening, as I could not help listening, to the comments of his friends.

"Oh, my! It's too sweet for anything!" remarked one young lady.

"I say, old chappie," exclaimed an enthusiastic slim, "it's howwibly pwopah, wealy, 'pon honah! It's the weal wegal thing, don'-cher-know."

"My! my!" protested one of the fat, elderly *chaperones*. "you do look very nice, Mr. Hotiphar."

And Mr. Hotiphar strutted around as proud and gorgeous as a peacock, while his "swell" friends regarded him with shrilly-expressed admiration, and the jockeys and stable-boys found it hard to repress their merriment.

"What is it?" I ventured to inquire of the jolly old trainer.

"Faith," replied that waggish Hibernian, "it looks like a painted monkey that's lost its stick; but it isn't. That's young Hotiphar, who's crazy about becoming a gentleman rider or amateur jockey. In the old country the gentleman rider never bothers himself about a gallop over the flat. He always goes in for the hurdles. But it's quite the rage among the dudes to ride flat races in their own colors. The smaller and skinnier the dude, and the less he knows about riding, the crazier he is to wear silk and breeches."

"What on earth is their object?" I inquired, as I gazed with increasing astonishment at the magnificent young swell.

"Their women folk come in crowds to see them ride, and if they come in anywhere near the top of the board you'd think Bedlam had broke loose."

"Do they ever win?"

"Win?" And the jovial Irishman burst out into a boisterous laugh. "That's not what they're after at all, at all."

The next day I had the pleasure of seeing the ama-

teur jockey on his first mount. A more nervous and terrified little object I never set eyes on. From where I stood, by the saddling paddock, I could see shivers of apprehension and alarm convulse his little legs and heave his wizen little bosom. Out of regard for the dramatic proprieties, he didn't wear his gold eyeglasses. His eyes, therefore, blinked and winked like those of an owl surprised by daylight. His trainer gave him a good big swig of brandy to put what the profession calls "Dutch courage" in him, but he seemed to be all the worse and more timid for the stimulant.

He was the last man at the post, and seemed to have no control whatever over the horse he rode. When it reached it round the neck with a vigor that made his professional rivals roar aloud.

After causing five false starts, the gentleman rider let his mount run away with him when the flag dropped for the sixth time. The swells in the club stand shouted their delight and applause, and all the dudines in sight of him clapped their hands till their gloves burst. Little recked the gentleman rider of their encouragement, however. His thoughts, if he had any, were like those of the Roman gladiator far away. Both arms clasped the neck of the galloping bay. His little legs were clinging like those of a monkey to the light saddle, and at every bound he flew up in the air as if he were a mere toy balloon tied by a string to the horse's back. His face formed one white spot, so panic stricken was he in the bunch of colors made up by his costume.

But his misery was destined to be of short duration. He had gone about half the distance when, having no control of his horse, he let the vicious animal cannon against a big rounabout brown that was going like a rifle-bullet. The brown struck the bay's off fore shoulder, and, in another minute the gentleman rider was wallowing in the dirt, bleeding at the mouth and registering the deepest kind of a vow that he would never make a second experiment of the same sort.

The amateur jockey, after all, is only one of the many phases of the modern "amateur" craze. Among my acquaintances I include an amateur tragedian, an amateur athlete, an amateur pugilist, an amateur oarsman, an amateur photographer and an amateur carpenter.

AMATEUR ACTORS AND ATHLETES.

The amateur tragedian is a clerk in a gentleman's furnishing establishment, which pays him \$1,000. Out of this he saves about \$600 per annum toward a capital for the combination which he intends to take round the country before he is many years older. He has new and original ideas of "Hamlet," which he is most anxious to put before the public, and which will, no doubt, procure him, in due time, such an ovation of rotten eggs and stale cabbages as would have delighted the Count Joannes. He lets the fact leak out, every once in awhile, that he once supported Edwin Booth in "Richard the Third." So he did—as one of the supernumerary warriors in the Battle of Bosworth Field scene. By the time he is forty years old he will probably be playing second low comedy in a fly-by-night troupe at a salary of fifteen dollars a week.

My friend, the amateur athlete, is a stock-broker and lives with his mother and two sisters in a comfortable flat on Eighty-fourth street. One room is sacred to the cultivation of muscle. From the ceiling hangs a trapeze and a pair of rings. The floor is carefully padded. There are parallel and horizontal bars and other instruments of physical development. The supply of dumb-bells and Indian clubs would move the envy of "Gus" Hill.

The amateur athlete is always talking of biceps, and deltoids and records, and all the jargon of the professional. He is forever backing himself to run races, which, like himself, never come off, and subscribes to all the sporting papers with the most generous enthusiasm. Of course he never won a match of any kind in his life—the amateur athlete never does. But he convinces all his female friends that if he ever should go into the business regularly everybody else would have to get out of it in hopeless desperation. It is true that the small boys of the neighborhood deride his pretensions, and that he is constantly challenged by them to run and jump and "put up" weights. But, with a proper sense of his own dignity, he turns up his nose scornfully at their *debs* and closes his ears to their ridicule and mockery.

The amateur pugilist of my acquaintance is the greatest nuisance of all. He is a young doctor who would have an excellent practice if it were not for that preposterous mania. He is a slender, delicate, tender fellow, who would have to hit real hard to hurt a mosquito. But ten to one, when you go to his office he will receive you with one of the gloves on, and ask you to stand up for four rounds in the approved veracular of the ring. He neglects his business to hang around the sporting dives, and is so often decorated with a black eye or a swollen lip, that people begin to gossip about his drinking habits, and predict that he is going to the demmitton bow-wows as fast as he can.

Not long ago a big, burly fellow called on him to get his advice about a rheumatic affection. The amateur pugilist, rather fancying his patient's looks, insisted that he should "put the gloves on" as usual. The stranger was obliging and did so.

When the doctor returned to consciousness with a lump on his jaw the size of a goose-egg, he made bold to guess that his visitor was a professional.

He was—the champion middle weight of the United States.

The amateur photographer is quite a different sort of person. He disdains the rough, rude enjoyments of the others and goes in for "high art." He is a lawyer, and lived in the same house with me last winter. His gallery or studio was next to mine and sometimes the smell of his chemicals was so overpowering that I used to think Hunter's Point must have exploded. He is perpetually boring his friends to sit for their portraits and, in return, presents them with the most hideous caricatures possible to conceive of. At least ten young ladies have dropped him from their acquaintance in consequence of his guarantees to give them life-like pictures of themselves. His hands are always stained and callous and he hasn't a suit of clothes that isn't full of holes and spots discolored by his acids.

The amateur carpenter is the greatest nuisance of them all, if you live in the same house with him. He is perpetually hammering and sawing and planing away for dear life. If he knows you keep sticking plaster he visits you at least twice a day—for the casualties of amateur carpentry are something appalling. In return for putting up with you he presents you with boxes that won't shut and shelves that won't hang straight and brackets that come down with a run every time a mosquito alights on them.

Take them all in all, the greatest burden under which these United States at present groan and labor, is its rapidly-increasing regular army of amateurs.

SENSATIONS OF THE TURF.

Fliers Straining a Point to Outdo Themselves and the Record.

The admirers of horseflesh and patrons of the race-track have nothing to complain of this summer, for they never before had such thrilling sport as has been offered to them. Regard these records of late events for instance:

At Belmont Park, Philadelphia, on Aug. 15, Jay-Eye-See attempted to beat 2:09 $\frac{1}{4}$ made by Maud S at Cleveland. About 10,000 spectators were present. In her trials the black gelding was accompanied by Old Jake, the same horse that Hickok used to have ridden to encourage St. Julien. Myers handled the reins behind the runner and waited at the head of the stretch while Jay-Eye-See scored up two or three times.

There was a general exclamation of surprise when he passed the quarter pole in 32 $\frac{1}{4}$ seconds. He was trotting perfectly steady, and all could see that he was going fast, but when 1:03 was passed from mouth to mouth as he "cut" the half-mile pole the murmur increased to a roar of applause. On he went and ascended the grade in the third quarter with no signs of flagging, doing the quarter in 32 $\frac{1}{4}$ seconds. Just after passing the three-quarter pole he broke and did not regain his stride for half a dozen jumps. The runner that was several lengths behind when he broke, came up alongside and would have taken the lead had not Myers pulled him back. Jay-Eye-See had his stride when he entered the stretch and came home in faultless style, passing under the wire amid applause in 2:11. Every one conceded that but for the break he would have beaten Maud S's record of 2:09 $\frac{1}{4}$. He occupied 35 $\frac{1}{4}$ seconds in going the last quarter, while the second quarter was done in 30 $\frac{1}{4}$. That break cost Jay-Eye-See the best record.

In the second trial he went off at a great rate on getting the word and hurried himself into a break half way to the quarter pole. Bithers pulled him up and came back for a fresh start. This was obtained after one false score, and the little gelding trotted to the quarter in 33 seconds, to the half in 1:03 $\frac{1}{4}$, passed the three-quarters in 1:27 and finished in 2:10 amid the wildest kind of applause.

At Belmont Park, on the same day, the stallion Phallas had three trials to beat 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$, the fastest trotting stallion record, made by himself at Chicago. The famous stallion was accompanied by a bay running horse, hitched to a sulky, and driven by Charles Myers. After scoring three times without the runner, and once with him, Bithers finally nodded for the word, and the big bay stallion went off with a smooth, powerful gait. The quarter pole was reached in 34 seconds without a skip. But he left his feet on entering the second quarter, for an instant only, as Bithers got him in hand before he had taken three strides, and passed the half as level as a die in 1:03 $\frac{1}{4}$. The three quarters were done in 1:40 $\frac{1}{4}$, and he finished strong in 2:15, amid loud applause.

After a rest of 20 minutes, Phallas was repeated in 2:14 $\frac{1}{4}$, the runner, as before, accompanying him. Phallas went to the half without a skip in 1:05 $\frac{1}{4}$, doing the second quarter in 32 seconds. Just after passing the half-mile pole he was "up" for a few steps, but Bithers caught him cleverly, and he finished the mile like clock-work, and did the last quarter in 33 seconds.

Phallas, in his third mile, was hurried to the quarter in 33 seconds. The pace was a little too fast for him, and he was "up" for a couple of steps. At the half-mile pole he was trotting gamely, and climbed the grade in fine style. He came down the homestretch under the whip, and finished in 2:14 $\frac{1}{4}$, amid loud cheering.

Phallas failed to equal his own best performance, but he trotted the three fastest consecutive heats ever recorded by a stallion, the slowest of the three being better than the best record of any other stallion.

CRUSHED BY A TON OF FAT.

How Barnum's Ex-Giant Settled a Fighting Neighbor.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Col. Routh Goshen, formerly a great attraction as a giant in Barnum's shows, lives an ordinary quiet life on his own farm, a few miles from Middlebush, N. J. He is nearly 9 feet high, and weighs about 500 pounds. A few months ago his wife, a little woman with bright brown eyes and vivacious manners, left the Colonel, and he is now suing for divorce. He has become somewhat unpopular among his neighbors on account of the suit, many of them believing that he is more to blame than his wife. On several occasions they have annoyed him by making insulting remarks, but as the giant is a good-natured man he took no notice of their taunts. After calling upon his lawyer on Aug. 16, at Middlebush, he started for his farm. Just as he was entering the front gate a neighbor named James Gannon drove by. Gannon is a well-built, middle-aged man, and is an active adherent of Mrs. Goshen in the family trouble. When he saw the Colonel, Gannon stopped his horse and dismounted from the wagon. He walked over to the gate and in a sarcastic tone of voice remarked:

"Ah, there, Kurnel. You're a fine one, you are."

"What do you mean?" asked the giant.

"Oh, you're no good," said Gannon. "I don't want anything to do with a man who will turn his wife out of doors and then sue for a divorce."

The giant grew somewhat riled, and replied:

"You tell an untruth. I never turned my wife away. And I don't want any impertinence from you, either."

"Oh, you don't," said Gannon. "I think I can beat you myself. You're big, but you're no good."

As the Colonel was about to reply, Gannon jumped over the gate and advanced upon him. Gannon struck out for the giant's head, and managed to get in a blow on his waist. The Colonel was about to retaliate when Gannon drew a knife and made an effort to stab him.

"Stop that, you villain!" cried the giant.

Then he grabbed Gannon by the nape of the neck and lifted him clear off the ground with one hand. The giant then took the knife away from him. Gannon struggled fiercely and kicked the giant's shins. That was more than the latter could stand, and he cuff'd Gannon on the head with his open hand. Then he deliberately threw him upon the ground and quietly sat down upon him. Gannon fainted, and a neighbor who was passing rushed to his rescue.

The giant got up and remarked: "I'm a bad man when I'm aroused." Then he retired to his hearthstone. Gannon was revived with much difficulty. He looked like a rubber blanket spread upon the grass,

and on recovering consciousness faintly asked if the giant was also buried under the runs. When the case was explained to him he felt his ribs to see if they were all there. He was taken home in a cart.

Gannon said to a reporter: "The giant is a bad man to fool with. I had no idea he was so heavy. I don't think I shall interfere in his family affairs any more. I thought the house, the barn and the woodshed had all fallen upon me at the same time."

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A BLUE-BLOODED ELOPEMENT.

Aristocratic Circles in Virginia Have a Shocking Sensation.

The postmaster of the aristocratic town of Grantsville, Va., has been A. R. Johnson, a wealthy merchant of the place and a prominent member of the Southern M. E. Church. His home is one of the handsomest in the place, and his family is highly respected. About a mile from town lives John Gainer, a wealthy stock dealer. Gainer has a pretty daughter named Mollie, who add'd to her natural charms graces acquired at a famous female college in Staunton, Va.

Johnson, who owned a farm a few miles beyond Gainer, has been in the habit for a year or more of driving out to his farm at about twilight, and always alone. It is now known that Miss Mollie also rode out at about that time in the same direction, and always alone. The two were accustomed to meet and spend an hour or two in each other's company.

Meanwhile a young man of the place was paying Miss Mollie devoted attention, and no one suspected that she and Johnson were intimate. Cards were issued for the marriage of Miss Gainer and her *fiance*, and the preparations proceeded. The marriage was to have occurred on Thursday last.

On Tuesday night, Aug. 12, Miss Gainer left her home, ostensibly to visit a cousin a few miles away, on an urgent errand, with the understanding that she would return the following day. Johnson left the same night to buy goods in the East. The Gainers were as ignorant of Johnson's departure as were Johnson's family of Miss Gainer's hiatus. On Wednesday, as Miss Gainer failed to return, a messenger was dispatched after her, who returned with the tidings that she had not visited her cousin. Search followed. One fact after another came out, until the fact that Miss Gainer and Johnson left together became irresistible. Later a note found in Miss Gainer's room dispelled all doubts.

An investigation of Johnson's affairs discloses a startling situation. Being supposed wealthy, he had, on the pretext that times were so hard that he could not collect from his debtors, borrowed sums of from \$50 to \$500 from over a score of persons. All the goods in his store were mortgaged, and he had, by a secret deed of assignment, conveyed all his property to his father. His accounts with the government were also found to be short \$1,500 to \$2,000. On the day of his flight mail pouches from the interior, said to contain several thousand dollars

RANCHERS AT WAR.

Thrilling Description of a Cowboy Campaign.

Soldier Heroism and Scenes of Wild Strife on the Border Land of Civilization.

A correspondent, who, a year or two ago, cut loose from the comforts of civilization and went to New Mexico to win his fortune among the cattle ranchers, writes under date of July 30, from a thrilling account of the episode of the Ute campaign against the cowboys.

He was in Durango, he wrote, when the news of the outbreak was fetched there on July 6, last, by two boys, aged respectively eight and ten years. They were sons of Mr. Wilson, of Wilson, Carlisle & Johnson, who own a large ranch in La Platte county, near the Utah line. On July 3, the Utes put on their war paint, attacked the ranch, drove off cattle, and one of them number was killed by one of Wilson's men. The Indians then attacked the cowboys, wounded Adolph Tush and Charles Cook, and had five of their own men killed and a number wounded. But they killed eleven horses of the whites, stampeded one hundred horses, drove the cowboys from the camp, burned the outfit and took away all the provisions and stores. They had 17,000 head of cattle at their mercy. Wilson's boys rode twenty-nine hours without food or rest and arrived in Durango exhausted. Col. Hall, commandant at Fort Lewis, twelve miles from Durango, sent a company of cavalry to drive the Indians back to their reservation.

He collected a force of cowboys in Durango and proceeded to Mancos, a small post village near the cattle range, where a number of cowboys joined the party. At Dolores the force of cowboy volunteers was increased to forty-two, all of whom were well armed and mounted. The Utes had fled over the Blue Mountains into the Indian Territory, and the avengers followed the trail for seven days and nights to Utah, where the savages took refuge.

"I have returned from the fight all right," he writes. "After we found the Indians the fight lasted fourteen hours by the watch. They had fortified themselves on top of a nearly round mesa, the cap rock being from twenty-five to thirty feet high, with just one small gap to go through. We were sixteen days on the road, and at the least calculation have ridden 550 miles, averaging thirty-five miles a day, which is very good traveling for the soldiers who were with us. In the outfit there were eighty soldiers and forty-two cowboys, which made quite a string strong out in single file.

"We followed close on the trail of the Indians for eight days, and when we ran on to them they had stopped and were waiting for us. They had selected their position well. Ten men behind the rocks could have stood off a thousand. Half of the outfit's lives were saved by the daring of two men who lost their lives. One was a Government scout and the other was a cowboy. We had pushed the Indians hard the day before and night, and in the night they laid a trap for us. They had pushed ahead while we were resting our horses and waiting for the moon to come up, and had taken up the strong position I have described. We had a high hill to climb, and before we could get down they would have killed half of our outfit, if those two brave men had not gone ahead to look at the trail to see if our jack-mules could go over it. When within fifty yards where the Indians were concealed they opened fire upon the brave men, wounding one and killing the other outright. All that the one who was killed said when he fell was:

"Oh, boys; oh, boys!"

"The other man said not a word, but he rolled in behind a bluff below the top one, so that the Indians could not see him, and laid there all day.

"There were about forty Indians in the bunch, and during the day they were joined by more. There were some ringleader white men in the bunch, and they would call out to us: 'Oh, boys! oh, boys!' and 'Come up, you — — —, and bring the soldiers!' I tell you what, the bullets flew hot and lively for awhile. There were about seven of us cowboys in range with our horses. I had forgotten all about danger, and was standing in the open, about 450 yards from the yelling red devils, shouting the best I knew how. I was getting the rifle-bullets in pretty close to their heads, as they were to me, and I could hear the ping, ping of the bullets as they passed my head. Some of the boys hollered out to me to get my horses under cover or the Indians would kill them, and you bet I got them out in a hurry. The balls came close enough for me to feel the heat of them on the side of my face, and one threw the dirt all over me. Another ball struck between my feet, above the knees, and went sailing off a hummering.

"We were fighting now mostly for the two men they had within range on the rock, for we did not know then but that both were alive, and we kept them covered so that the Indians could not get to them to scalp them. But the red devils got the poor fellows in spite of all we could do, and it made our blood boil and nerves tingle with hot anger to hear their fierce and triumphant yells and the cheers of the renegade whites curse them. We could not get to the poor, brave fellows on the rocks, on account of the hill, which was sure death to the man who attempted to ascend it. Well, we fought there all day and part of the night, and then we had to leave after several attempts to draw them from cover. They had us in a dry canyon, and when we got out we were nearly dead for water, for we had been over thirty hours under fire without a drop of water to quench our thirst. We feel satisfied that the wounded man killed three or four Indians, if not more, for just at dusk, when the Indians came down after his scalp, we heard him fire twelve rounds from his six-shooter at short range. He was a good shot, and was revenged. The soldiers were the most scared lot of men I ever saw. It was nearly a panic with them. But, after all, it was a fearful hot purgatory in that canyon under the fire of a concealed and treacherous foe."

HOMAGE TO THE QUEEN OF THE TURF.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Maud S., the wonderful mare that lately passed from the ownership of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt to the stables of Robert Bonner, was one of the social lions of Saratoga, previous to her transfer to New York.

Daily receptions were tendered to Maud S. in the stables of the United States Hotel. From 9:30 in the morning until 4:30 in the evening the barn was besieged by visitors, not a small portion of whom were ladies and children. Maud S. became so accustomed to being looked at that she posed like an actress. The ladies asked to stroke her mane without fear, and the gentlemen patted her on the back or flanks. A poodle remained in the stall with her, and instantly sounded the alarm if any unusual attentions were shown to her. Many ladies threw flowers into the stall, others pinned them on the wall, where the famous trotter could get a glimpse or even a smell. Next to the curiosity to see Maud S. was that to see her attendant, a colored man, who is said to have been her keeper since she was a colt.

A NURSE-GIRL'S REVENGE.

How She Gave a Lesson to an Old Gentleman who Objected to Babies.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A buxom nurse-girl, carrying a child, boarded a crowded Third avenue car a few days ago. She clutched a strap with one hand and her baby with the other, and then stood glaring at a chubby old gentleman, who actually dared to keep his seat.

Presently the baby began to howl. It howled till it could bawl no louder. The chubby old gentleman looked up indignantly and said loudly to no one in particular:

"What an intolerable nuisance a woman and a screaming baby are on a car."

The young woman said nothing, but glanced at the receding figure of a man who had just vacated his seat and left the car. Quick as lightning she let go of the strap, stooped down to the level of the chubby old gentleman's knees, deposited the crying child thereon, and betook herself to the vacant seat before any one could utter a sound. There, as she could command a perfect view of the chubby old gentleman, she sat quietly, with a provoking smile on her pretty face.

The old gentleman was dumfounded. Being somewhat gouty he could not rise in the moving car, but sat there, the personification of helpless indignation. If the child had howled previously, it roared now. The passengers were convulsed with laughter. The chubby gentleman turned scarlet and appeared to be going off by spontaneous combustion.

"Sing 'Tootsy-wootsy, darlin,' guv'nor," shouted a cheeky urchin at the end of the car.

"Pat its back," shouted another. "Kids like that."

"Conductor," shouted the old man, in an awful tone, "how is it that you allow this ridiculous scene to take place in your car?"

"Ain't seen nothin'," was the imperturbable rejoinder. "What is it?"

"Look at this baby on my lap."

"My! why a pretty child. Is it yours, sir?" very respectfully.

The chubby old gentleman thought it better to leave the car, and departed. The pert young woman took his place, and the conductor who had seen nothing was actually guilty of the indiscretion of winking at her, and then chuckling with apparent delight.

A MURDER IN THE WOODS.

The Discovery of a New Jersey Farmer's Daughter Outraged and Murdered in a Quiet Wood.

The fifteen-year-old daughter of George Watson, a farmer, living about two miles from Yorktown, in Salem county, N. J., was found dead on the morning of Aug. 19, about a mile from home. Her clothing was in a disordered condition, and the impression was at once given that she had been most foully ill-treated. She had evidently been choked to death.

She left her home late in the afternoon with some poultry, and started for Yorktown, where she was to dispose of the poultry. She reached Yorktown, and in the early evening started to walk home. Along the road there are several frame houses, and about midway there is a small thicket. The young woman had to pass this on her way home, and she started early so she could pass the woods before dark.

When her friends were alarmed and went in search of her, here they found her. Three colored men were arrested on suspicion, principally, it appears, because they were negroes, and were in the neighborhood. If it had been in some localities they would probably have been lynched, but, thanks to Jersey justice, they were released at the coroner's inquest. The authorities are still on the track of the murderer or murderers, and claim that they have clews that may lead to the arrest of the real culprits.

AN ATTORNEY TARRED.

Tough Citizens of An Iowa Town On the Rampage.

In Iowa City, Iowa, on Aug. 13, the tough citizens got their backs up and inaugurated mob law. Up to 9 o'clock that night the streets were in possession of a mob, and the efforts of the sheriff's force and the city police to quell the disturbance were ineffectual. That afternoon the trial of two brewers of that city occurred before a Justice of the Peace in a county township near by. Half a dozen roughs of the city, re-enforced by a large party of thugs from other points, attacked W. H. Bailey, the prosecuting attorney, stripped his clothing off and tarred him. His life was saved by a deputy sheriff. The mob, many of them crazed by drink, tried to catch the principal witness, Swafford, and would have hung him had they found him. A constable was severely cut with knives. The roughs came to town in the evening. They found Swafford upon the street and knocked him and his brother down, and would have killed them had they not been secreted in a store. A meeting of citizens was held. The outrage was vigorously condemned and special police appointed for the night. When the reputable people took a hand in, there was peace instantane-

A TEXAS CITY IN DANGER.

At Fort Worth, Texas, on Aug. 9, City Attorney Swayne and Marshal Ruea declared that all gambling should stop at 12 o'clock every night thereafter. This made a great sensation. A number of citizens being of opinion that the stoppage will hurt the city's business, have solicited the City Attorney to reconsider, but he is firm and insists on going ahead. Over 120 gamblers and assistants will be compelled to leave the city, and this, they say, will ruin the town.

A PRISON REVOLT.

Desperate Fight for Liberty by Convicts in the Kentucky State Penitentiary.

On Thursday morning, Aug. 14, a revolt of convicts in the State Penitentiary in Frankfort, Ky., resulted in the escape of three murderers—Geo. Alsop, Theophilus Graves and W. T. Grant. The revolt was led by John R. Wolfe, who was sent up last spring for ten years for forgery on a Georgetown bank, in which he was once clerk. He got into the front prison yard with a box he wished to send away, and knocked down the guard who stood at the inner gate. Eight other convicts, concealed just inside, rushed for the armory close by, where they obtained arms and ammunition, and began a running fight with the guards and Bud Smith, a young man who came to the assistance of the guards. Wolfe was shot through the thigh, and had his leg amputated. A guard named Robinson was shot in the thigh. Alsop received a wound in the shoulder, but escaped with his two companions. Measures were at once set on foot for their capture, but nothing was heard of them until the 15th, when it was learned that two of them had, near Midway, in Woodford county, seized two horses, which animals were found on Saturday morning about three miles from the city, tied to the fence. A lookout was kept, but the convicts lay low until Sunday morning, when they demanded breakfast from one man and forced \$4 from another, about seven miles from the city. A sheriff's posse was soon formed to go in pursuit. They came up with two of the fugitives later in the day.

The fugitives ran toward a belt of wood, through which County Attorney Sharp galloped along the left of a cornfield, in which the convicts sought shelter. Sharp rode around the cornfield, saw that no track led out, and returned and reported to the posse, now coming forward. Men were placed all around the field, and Sharp entered on the track of the fugitives, accompanied by George Cassell and James Vial, farmers of the neighborhood, Cassell being the owner of the corn in which the convicts were concealed. The three pursuers entered the field with arms at the ready. Then they passed out of one cornfield across a grassy ravine and into another field of corn. They had not penetrated far into this second field when two shots were fired by the convicts, and Cassell was shot through the body. He fell, and as he reeled another bullet crashed into his head. Vial fired at one of the convicts, and Sharp threw himself down, seeing which Vial retired to report the death of both of his companions.

Sharp listened and heard one of the convicts say that he had "killed the — — —." Then he rose, drew a bead on the convict, fired, fell, reloaded, and again listened. All was still as death. Sharp crawled to the ravine and waved his hat for aid; but not receiving an answering signal, he crawled across the ravine to the woods, and reported to the posse. A regular advance was now ordered, the men taking the direction toward where the bodies lay. Sharp, in crossing the river, saw one of the convicts raised on his elbow, presenting a pistol at Deputy Sheriff Rogers. The weapon snapped, and it was found to be empty. A volley was ordered, and Alsop fell back, mortally wounded. Graves was found already dead. Alsop died in a few minutes.

The fugitives had two needle-guns and five pistols, but little ammunition remaining. In Alsop's pocket a certificate of good standing in the church, signed by a minister, was found. The bodies of the two convicts were left in the corn, and the coroner notified of their death. Geo. Cassell's body was carried to his residence near by. He and Sharp and Vial belonged to the same company in Morgan's cavalry. Cassell was about forty-five years old, and was highly respected. He leaves a widow and nine children.

THE DOCTOR'S VEILED PATIENT.

He Attends Her, and is Left Bound and Gagged in a Deserted House.

At Havana, N. Y., they have a first-class romance of real life which seems to discount the old-fashioned French stories of the cloak-and-dagger school. Here it is, in the words of a correspondent who writes from Havana under date of Aug. 13:

"A year ago this month a note was left at the drug store of Dr. McCorn, in Havana, by a boy, who said he had been hired by a man to deliver it. It was a request for the doctor to call immediately on an urgent case at Henry McClure's. Mr. McClure was a farmer, who lived two miles from Havana. The note was left at the office at 9 o'clock at night. Dr. McCorn started in his carriage for the McClure place.

"The night was very dark, and when Dr. McCorn reached a road branching off into Havana Glen a man stepped up and asked him if he was Dr. McCorn. The doctor could not recognize the man, but answered his question in the affirmative. The man then told him that he was the person who had sent the request for him to call, but the case was not at Farmer McClure's, but nearer. The man seemed greatly agitated, and when the doctor hesitated about taking charge of a case about which so much mystery was made the stranger assured him that it was one of great urgency, and the doctor finally told him to lead the way. The stranger led the horse into the side road. They proceeded until they reached an old hotel that had been long deserted and was rapidly going to decay. The doctor followed the man into a rear room in the hotel, where a lantern was dimly burning. An elderly man and a middle-aged woman sat on a bench. On the floor, covered with a carriage robe, was another woman whose face the doctor could not see. A young man who stood in the shadow came forward and told the doctor that the woman lying on the floor was his wife and the elderly man was her father. The other woman, he said, was their family servant. The doctor protested against having to do with the case in that out-of-the-way place, and insisted that the sick woman be removed to a neighboring farm-house. This the old gentleman said it was impossible to do, and the sufferings of the woman finally induced him to take charge of the case, she corroborating the story of the two men. The doctor said, however, that he would report the strange affair and have it made a case for legal investigation.

"The woman gave birth to a male child, and with it and the nurse she was carried to a covered back which was brought from the shed beside the hotel. The three men came back as if to say something further to the doctor, but seized him instead and bound his hands and feet and gagged him, assuring him meanwhile that they regretted doing so, but that it was necessary to save the honor of the people for them to get away without their identity being discovered.

They then placed a bank-note in the doctor's pocket and left him alone in the building.

"John Ames, Dr. McCorn's clerk, finding the next morning the note requesting the doctor to visit McClure's place, and the doctor not having returned late in the forenoon, started for McClure's to see if anything had happened to him. No one at McClure's knew anything about the doctor, and Ames, seeing the tracks of a wagon leading down into a hollow, followed them. He found the doctor's horse tied in the shed and the doctor himself bound on the floor in the old hotel. Instead of making the mysterious affair public McCorn and Ames agreed to keep quiet about it with the hope that they might get on the track of the parties or discover new developments. The matter remained a secret with them for several weeks when, being unable to get any trace of the strange party, they made it known. The story made a sensation in the village for awhile, but was finally forgotten. It has been revived by the receipt by Dr. McCorn of an anonymous letter, postmarked Corning, O., referring to the birth of the child in the old hotel a year ago, and inclosing \$50 as a present to the doctor from the child on the first anniversary of its birth."

END OF A DOMESTIC DRAMA.

Rush Tevis, of St. Louis, Ends His Own Life with the Weapon He Used On His Wife's Paramour.

[With Portrait.]

Rush H. Tevis, proprietor of the Excelsior Foundry and Nickel Plating Co., St. Louis, committed suicide at St. Louis on Friday, Aug. 15, by shooting himself in the presence of his wife and child. This was the last act in a tragedy of blind love and woman's infidelity. Some two years ago the POLICE GAZETTE published the portrait of the man who has just rashly taken his own life, and printed the story of his domestic troubles. In this number we publish a portrait of the faithless wife, who was, no doubt, the cause of all the trouble. About two years ago, Tevis and a friend named Capt. Grimes waylaid Frank T. Iglesias and Mrs. Tevis as they came out of a well-known assignation house on Singleton street. The couple had hardly reached the sidewalk when Tevis drew a revolver and shot Iglesias in the arm. Iglesias fell, but the woman assisted him to rise and then dragged him away. A divorce suit followed, Tevis being given the custody of the child. In less than two months after the legal separation the couple met in Philadelphia, where he had followed her, and were remarried, and the public was unaware of any other scandal until the events of Friday night. Since then Iglesias, who recovered from his wounds, has gone to the dogs, and is said to be no better than a bum. Tevis and his wife apparently lived happily together, but it is now known that he was financially embarrassed.

It is said that since the trouble with his wife Tevis has been drinking rather freely. His friends say that his business complications, together with recent domestic troubles, drove him to the rash act. His wife's story of the occurrences on the night of the suicide is as follows:

"He did not return until a quarter of ten o'clock at night, which was quite unusual, as he never remained away later than half-past seven o'clock. He had been drinking, and was brought home by a lady who kept a shop down the street, and who said he had asked her to see him home, because he did not want to go home in such a condition. I talked to the lady for about five minutes. She is an acquaintance of ours. My husband then took his supper. I was putting my child to bed when he returned to the bedroom. He appeared to be terribly excited, talked about his business affairs, and said he thought the best way to get out of the trouble was for us all to die, as we must die some time, anyhow. He spoke about being in debt. I told him I thought everything would come out right. He then walked toward the wash-stand, saying he was going to get his pistol, and I pushed him away. He said it was no use, as he had determined to do it, and shoved me from him. He took the pistol out of the drawer and pointed it at me, when I ran out of the room. I ran across the porch to Mrs. Hildreth's, and called to her. Just as she came out we heard the pistol-shot. I know nothing of what happened afterward."

Mrs. Tevis is said to be a niece of Gen. Sherman.

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS.

No. 72, out Saturday Aug. 23, contains: Leprosy in New York; where Dr. O'Donnell should have gone to find terrible examples; startling facts discovered by a Week's Doings reporter concerning the presence of the horriblescourage in the heart of the metropolis. Opera in Summer: how two young managers have made it a great success: large audiences crowd the Casino and Bijou Opera House, and Managers Aronson and Donnelly count the profits and make friends and money. Billy, the Boxer; or, A Life's Mystery; a romance of real life and crime in New York; by Edwin F. De Nyse. A Musical Mash; harmony and discord related by a sweet girl graduate; lively times in a female seminary, in which the music-teacher takes a part, starts an orchestra and lands a bride. Come From the Tomb; a lively youth who was dead and buried for a year. A Modest Bride; how the landlord found her hidden in a cupboard. Prowler. Referee. Prompter. Billboard. Joker. A splendid number. Dash, sparkle, news, life and vivacity. All the stirring and attractive features of the great model family sensational paper.

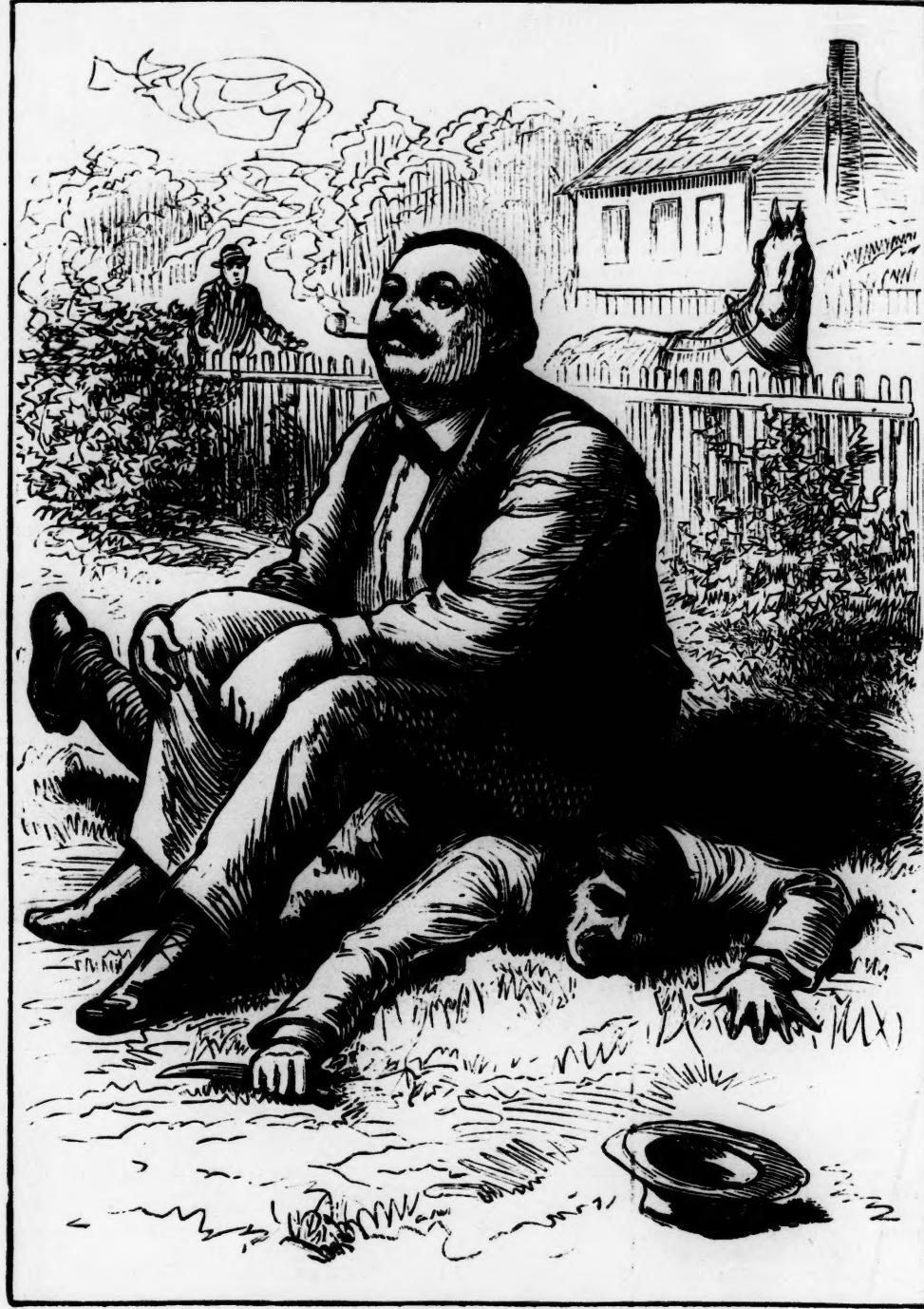
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FORTUNE'S F



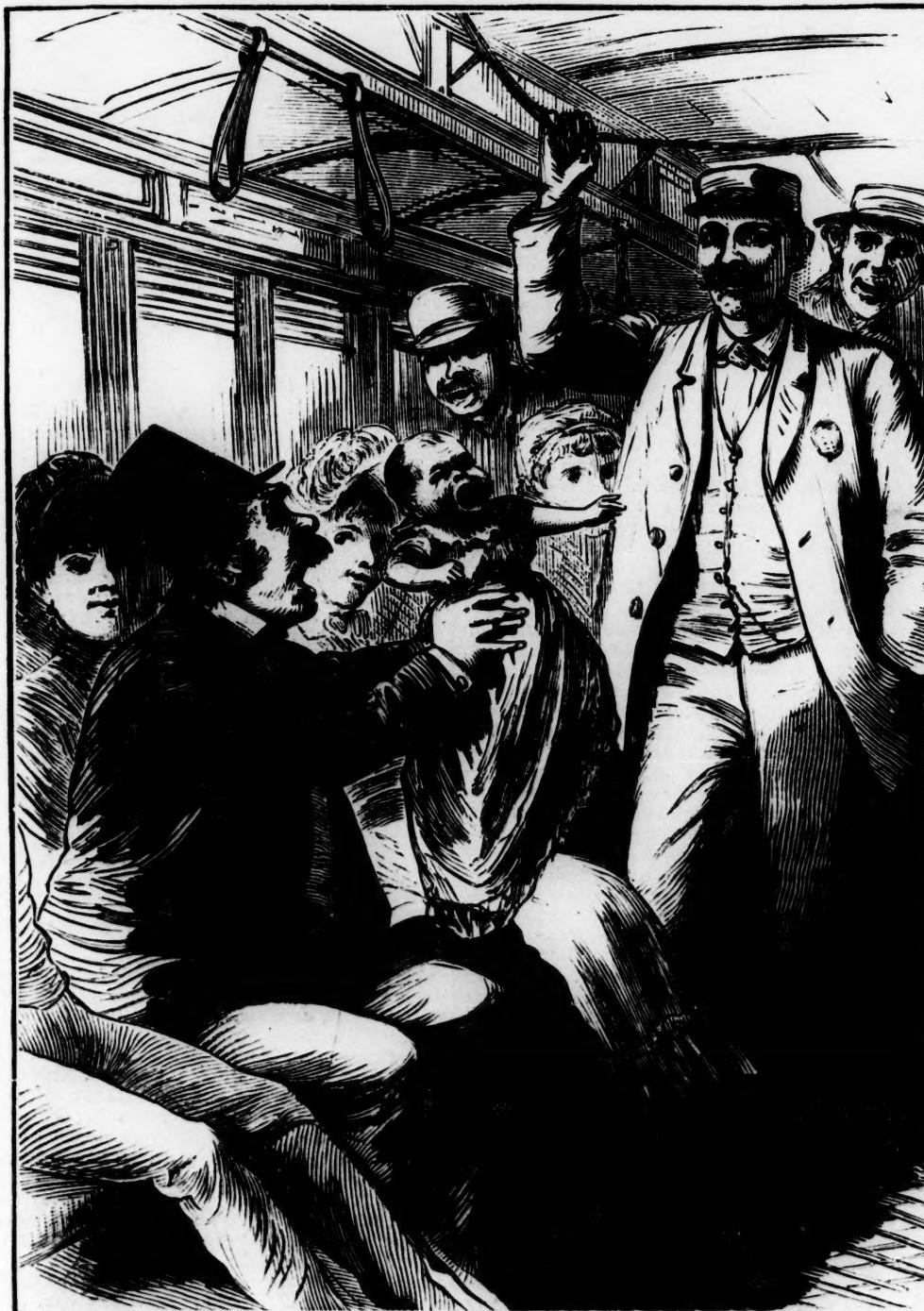
THE RAZOR GAVE HIM AWAY.

A PASSAIC, N. J., BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPER SUDDENLY DISCOVERS THAT HER FAVORITE COOK IS A MAN.



SAT ON BY A GIANT.

BEING ATTACKED BY A DANGEROUS NEIGHBOR, ONE OF BARNUM'S CURIOSITIES OVERWHELMED HIM WITH A TON OF FAT.



A NURSE-GIRL'S REBUKE.

HOW SHE MADE A CRUSTY OLD HATER OF CHILDREN FONDLE A BABY FOR AWHILE ON A NEW YORK PASSENGER-CAR.



THE PARSON'S EXCUSE FOR TARDINESS.

HOW A CLEVELAND CLERGYMAN, WITH BICYCLE PROPENSITIES, WAS PREVENTED FROM PREACHING ON TIME BY AN INTERRUPTION ON THE ROAD.



A VISITOR FROM THE GRAVE.

A YOUNG WIDOW'S LOVE MAKING SPOILED BY A JEALOUS LOVER FLINGING THE CORPSE OF HER HUSBAND THROUGH THE WINDOW AT HER FEET AT A CRITICAL MOMENT.



THE LEPER OF THE SEAS.

A SHIP WITH SIX HUNDRED CHOLERA TRICKEN COOLIES ON BOARD DRIFTING HELPLESSLY OVER THE OCEAN, POINTING FOR THE PORT OF NEW YORK.

GOSSIP OF THE RING.

The Small-Fry Fighters Coming to the Front.

Some Big Events of the Future Occasion a Great Deal of "Chin," but Come to a Head Very Slowly.

— Johnny Cash is now living in Montreal, Canada.

— John L. Sullivan sighs for only one punch at Mervine Thompson.

— Mervine Thompson, the Cleveland Thunderbolt, is in Washington, D. C.

— There is some talk of George Cooke being matched against Dominick McCaffrey.

— Johnny Clark, the noted ex-pugilist, has struck a bonanza by opening the Club theatre in Philadelphia.

— Steve Taylor, the popular heavy-weight pugilist, made a capital display with Sullivan at Boston, on Aug. 13.

— Johnny Clark was defeated in a glove contest by Mike Walsh, at Montreal, Aug. 12. Fourteen rounds were fought.

— John Scholes, the champion all-round athlete and boxer of Canada, keeps the leading sporting house in Toronto.

— George Fulljames has been in Toronto for some time. A meeting between him and Harry Gilmore will probably be arranged.

— Pugilistic matters in England are at a standstill. There appears to be a scarcity of pugilists, and a lack of good quality at that.

— Charley Mitchell has been rustinating for the past three weeks at Portsmouth, N. H. He is enjoying the best of health, and weighs 180 pounds.

— Arthur Chambers has decided to give a series of boxing contests every Saturday night at the Champions' Rest, 922 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia.

— Peter Dwyer, the reformed pugilist, has returned to this city. He is still in the religious ring, but not making over an average preacher's salary.

— Tom Henry was boxing with Mike Cleary at the latter's sporting house, 270 Bowery, last week. Henry has greatly improved since he defeated Jimmy Murray.

— Tom Walling and Bill Gibbon, of Denver, Col., are matched to fight to a finish with three-ounce gloves, within two weeks, for \$100 a side and gate money.

— Ned Mallahan, who, in conjunction with P. Dwyer, is backing Hial H. Stoddard against Jack Burke, says he is willing to increase the stakes to \$2,500 a side.

— Paddy Ryan has not yet arrived in this city, but he intends to make New York his abiding-place. After his arrival there will be another boom in prize ring matters.

— Billy Madden, elated over the success of his boxing tournament for amateurs, now proposes to arrange one on a large scale to be held in one of the large halls in this city.

— Let us have just one more mill, and let it be between Wm. Sheriff, the Prussian, and Bill England. It would be a contest in which few would be able to pick the winner.

— Will Charley Norton agree to fight Jack Dempsey? The latter's offer to fight any 133-pound pugilist in America should be a bouquet for the Newark pugilist's button-hole.

— Gus Tuthill offers to back Walter Watson, the middle-weight champion of England, to spar four or six rounds with Dominick McCaffrey, Marquis of Queenberry rules, for \$250 a side.

— John A. Dugan denies that he defeated Jack Eagan in a prize fight at Long Branch on Aug. 14. He says he never engaged in a prize fight, and the report was made out of whole cloth.

— There is some mystery connected with the breaking off of the glove contest between Dominick McCaffrey and Pete McCoy. It appears very strange that the pugilists could not obtain a license.

— Charley Norton's attraction at his popular sporting rendezvous, in Market street, near the Pennsylvania Railroad depot, Newark, N. J., is the "Police Gazette" medal Richard K. Fox presented him.

— Tommy Barnes, the well-known feather-weight pugilist, is still looking for some 120-pound pugilist to fight him, but none of the many pugilists in this great territory appears eager to take a bang at him.

— Patsy Cardiff, the pugilist of Peoria, Ill., is now under the guidance of Chas. E. Davies, the parson of Chicago. Cardiff is said to be a clever, game pugilist, and Davies intends pitting him against Mike Cleary.

— Joe Bradley, of St. Paul, Minn., says he will shortly bring out a pugilist who will whip John L. Sullivan. A great many have promised that. Seeing believing. Chin prowess doesn't count for anything more.

— The next deposit in the great match between Hial H. Stoddard and Jack Burke will be posted on Oct. 10. At the same time the pugilists will toss for choice of ground, select a referee and appoint a dual stakeholder.

— Patsy Murphy, a man from Michigan, who has never been in the prize ring, offers to fight any pugilist in America for \$1,000 a side. He stands 5 feet 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches, and weighs 100 pounds. He is said to have remarkable hitting power.

— Mike McCoole, once the pride of St. Louis, is now a boatman at New Orleans. At one time he was champion pugilist of America, had \$20,000 and a saloon. He was badly whipped by Tom Allen on an island in the Mississippi River.

— Chicago sporting men think there is no pugilist living like Johnny Files, and they boast that he can whip any pugilist who does not weigh over 140 pounds. Why don't they match him to fight Tom Henry if they are so confident?

— Patsy Sheppard, one of the cleverest pugilists of his weight in America, has given up boxing. He keeps a first-class sporting house in Harrison avenue, Boston. All the sporting men make his place their hobby when they visit the Hub.

— Capt. James C. Daly says: "What is Dunn C. Ross blowing about? Mervine Thompson can't fight. I have an Unknown that can whip Thompson, and just put it in the POLICE GAZETTE. I will fight Thompson or anybody, barring Sullivan, for \$500 or \$1,000."

— Jimmy Patterson, of Twenty-second street and Seventh avenue, announces that he will match Paddy Lee to box Tom Henry six rounds. "Police Gazette" rules, the winner to take sixty-five percent, and the loser thirty-five per cent., and wager \$500 on the result.

— Frank Lewis, alias Crazy Lewis, the colored champion, was defeated in a four-round contest, Queenberry rules, by Pete McCarthy, at Truxau's Lake Hotel, Saratoga, Aug. 14. Tom Kerns backed McCarthy, and Harry Blaylock backed Lewis. Mart Malone was referee.

— Jem Mace says: "You know, my lad, I have had pugilists called 'Mace's Wolf,' 'Mace's Novice,' 'Mace's Pot Boy,' 'Mace's Stiff Un' and 'Maori,' and I thought I would name my new lad 'Excelsior.' He is a big, clever, game fellow, hits quick and hard, and if there is any man to whip Sullivan I have got the man."

— Larry Foley, the pugilist, now wants some one to bring him from Australia. He says he is willing to box Sullivan, Mitchell or any pugilist in the United States. If Foley had not refused to meet Billy Farnan he might have been a card, but when he was afraid to fight Farnan that was the end of Foley and his reputation as a star pugilist.

— Several sporting men in Boston claim that John L. Sullivan's fighting abilities are falling below par. It is said that Dominick McCaffrey could have outboxed him at Boston, on Aug. 13, if he had not agreed the set-to was to be so and so. Oh yes. We've heard that talk before. Just let McCaffrey challenge Sullivan, and see what a change will come over the spirit of that dream.

— Billy Madden claims Mitchell is the champion, Harry Webb backs up Jack Burke, Mace swears by "Excelsior." Billy Bennett sings the praises of Mike Cleary, Mallahan boasts of the pugilistic ability of Stoddard, and Jim Keenan booms up John Kilrain. Just wait until Billy Farnan, the Australian champion, arrives, then it will be seen who is the champion. Richard K. Fox will match Farnan against anybody.

— Jimmy Patterson, the popular sporting man and boniface of the "Little Brown Jug," corner of Twenty-second street and Seventh avenue, has been authorized by Paddy Ryan to arrange a glove contest between the ex-champion and Sullivan. Judging from negotiations now going on, there is every prospect of the two heroes of the great battle at Mississippi City meeting at Madison Square Garden in September.

— Mike Haley, the pugilist, whose portrait recently appeared in the POLICE GAZETTE, is making things hum in the fistic line in Iowa. Haley recently published a challenge offering to fight any 145-pound pugilist in that section. The *def*t was accepted by Dave Lewis, of Angus, Iowa, formerly of Wilkesbarre, Pa., a well-known pugilist. The result was the pugilists and their backers met at Des Moines, Iowa, and after a hot discussion signed articles to fight Sept. 13 in a hall within fifty miles of Des Moines, for \$100 stakes and the gate money.

— Jack Dempsey, the pugilist, who recently defeated George Fulljames called at the POLICE GAZETTE office, Aug. 16, accompanied by his backer, and posted \$250 with Richard K. Fox to make good the following sweeping deft:

NEW YORK, Aug. 16, 1884.
To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

Having heard that several pugilists profess on paper to be eager to fight me, I hereby give them a fair chance to prove whether they mean business. I challenge any man in the world to fight me a fair stand-up fight (at 133 pounds), according to the new rules of the London prize ring, for from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side and the light-weight championship of America; the fight to take place ten weeks from signing articles of agreement. My backer has posted \$250 with Richard K. Fox, and any pugilist desiring to fight me they will cover my money and name a time to meet me at the POLICE GAZETTE office to arrange a match.

JOHN DEMSEY.

— There is every prospect of a meeting for \$2,500 a side being arranged between Mervine Thompson, of Cleveland, and Dominick McCaffrey, who has been issuing challenge after challenge to fight any man living, barring John L. Sullivan. If Mac is willing, and his backers are ready to furnish the sines of war, Thompson says he is anxious for a match, and proves his earnestness by forwardly \$100 forfeit to the POLICE GAZETTE, with the following challenge:

Mr. Richard K. Fox, Proprietor POLICE GAZETTE:

Please find inclosed \$100 forfeit and the following challenge:

Having heard so much balderdash about the fighting abilities of Dominick McCaffrey, and seeing that he refused to fight Jack Burke, when Richard K. Fox offered to back Burke to fight him, I will test him. I have forwarded \$100 forfeit to match Mervine Thompson against Dominick McCaffrey or any other pugilist in America, for from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a side, the fight to take place in the same ring in which Jack Burke and Hial H. Stoddard are to fight for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and \$2,000, near New Orleans on Dec. 9. My money is up, Thompson is eager to fight anybody, and if McCaffrey is so anxious to fight as he declares, now is the opportunity. I will meet McCaffrey at the POLICE GAZETTE office to post an additional \$500, and sign articles when he covers my money.

DUNCAN C. ROSS.

WILLIAM BEACH.

[With Portrait.]

Since William Beach's defeat of Hanlan he stands champion of the world. We republish his portrait that appeared exclusively in the POLICE GAZETTE a short time ago. He stands 5 feet 11 inches in height and weighs trained 170 pounds. A full account of his recent wonderful performance will be found in our sporting columns.

A DESPERATE LOVER.

On the night of Aug. 8, as the family of James Higgs was returning from church in wagon, near Mount Vernon, Montgomery county, the family were fired upon by David H. Connor, and Alice Higgs, the sixteen-year-old daughter, killed. Connor was a rejected suitor of Miss Higgs.

OUR AMATEUR OARSMEN.

Creditable Showing of Young America's Brown.

The National Association of Amateur Oarsmen held their annual regatta at Watkins, N. Y., on Aug. 12, 13 and 14.

The first heat of the junior single-sculls was won by Cummings, of Boston, in 11:15. The second heat was won by Mulcahy, of Albany, in 11:03 $\frac{1}{4}$. The third heat was won by Nowlan, of Albany, in 10:56 $\frac{1}{4}$. The fourth heat was won by Strickland, of Peterboro, Canada; time not given. In the first heat of the senior fours the Fairmounts, of Philadelphia, composed of Brownell, Hays, Port and Boyer, were a close second to the Argonauts, of Toronto, whose time was 9:52 $\frac{1}{4}$. The second heat was won by the Columbias, of Washington, in 10:08 $\frac{1}{4}$, on a foul with the Toronto four. The third heat was won by the Wahwahatsees, of Escore, Mich., in 9:07, and the fourth heat by Watkins, in 9:11. W. E. Connell, of Portland, Me., won the first heat in the senior sculls. John Buckley, of Portland, Me., won the second heat in 12:13. The third heat was a fine race between P. A. Dempsey, of Philadelphia, D. J. Murphy, of Boston, and Joseph Laing, the present champion, of Montreal. Dempsey made the pace hot for more than a mile, when they were all close together. At that distance Laing crept a length ahead, and managed to keep that lead to the finish. Time, 9:58 $\frac{1}{4}$; Murphy second, 10:02 $\frac{1}{4}$. Dempsey lost a couple of lengths on the start and distributed them about the cabin. Two boxes were found burning in the bureau drawer, but no damage was done.

RATTLED BY ROOKE.

BILL ENGLAND ELEGANTLY "DONE UP" BEFORE GETTING A CHANCE AT SULLIVAN.

George Cooke came to the front again on the evening of Aug. 18, at Turn Hall, New York. He there met the ambitious "pug," Bill England, and knocked him out most elegantly. England came all the way across the water to have a go with Sullivan, you remember. The affair did not attract over 150 spectators. Cooke came up for the first round with a confident smile. The veteran evidently left all himself, for, still smiling, he began the hostilities, getting in a blow with the right on England's neck. It appeared, though, at first, as if the pugilists had intended doing the brother act, for neither done any damage.

In the second round Cooke again led and placed his left on England's neck. England countered on Cooke's ribs. Cooke ran around the ring followed by England. Cooke turned and hit England on the nose with his right, drawing first blood, which was allowed. Several of the crowd now began to hiss and yell. Finally Cooke's second said: "Go right to work at him, George. No bargain. Knock him out!" and Cooke decided to attempt the feat. So he made the third round a rattler. In rushing in, though, he napped a stinger from England's left on the nose, but landed left and right on England's bulwark and both clinched. After separating Cooke knocked England down amid loud cheers. England came up or the fourth round timidly, as if he were afraid of Cooke's dangerous right hand. Cooke forced the fight and the men clinched amid cries of "break! break!" They separated, and England rushed toward Cooke, who backed quickly and led out with his left, knocking England flat on his face. The latter seemed dazed, and was helped to his corner by his backers.

The referee gave the right to Cooke and the crowd gave more cheers for the victor.

The result of the battle will probably send England back to his native land with the impression that the pedestal on which Sullivan stands is a great way off.

A MAN IN PETTICOATS

AN ASTONISHED LANDLADY DISCOVERS THAT HER COOK USES A RAZOR.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mrs. Charles Totten, proprietor of a boarding-house in Pennington and Passaic avenue, Passaic, N. J., employed a new cook recently, who proved to be the best cook that she ever had. The borders were delighted with her, and Mrs. Totten congratulated herself that she had secured a jewel. The cook also appeared to like the situation. A night or two ago Mrs. Totten happened to remember something she had forgotten to tell the cook about the breakfast in the morning, and she went up stairs and ceremoniously entered the room where the cook was preparing for bed. On the back of a chair was hung the luxurious growth of hair that had adorned the new cook's head. On the back of another chair hung the dress and skirt that the new cook wore.

Neither the hair on the hair-back nor the feminine garments scattered about astonished Mrs. Totten. But she was astonished at the sight of the new cook. Instead of the white garments and lace-work that women usually wear under their dresses, the new cook had on the unmistakable undegarments of a man and was standing in front of a glass using a razor. Mrs. Totten screamed.

The man left the house soon afterward in his female attire. He said he was unable to obtain employment as a man, and so had masqueraded as a woman. He had worked for several months in New York, but, becoming recognized there by some former acquaintances, he had sought a situation in the country. His face is very smooth and his beard scanty.

W. H. CHIVERS.

[With Portrait.]

Mr. Chivers, who lately arrived in this country, is the champion skater of England. He was born at Southport, the county of Lancashire, England, on the 8th of December, 1860. In August, 1878, he was one of the competitors that was picked out to compete in the international skating contest between England and Germany, held at Berlin, the number of competitors being nine English and nine Germans. He carried off the following honors:

First prize for figure skating; first prize for elegant skadie; second prize for 10 English miles—time, 34 min.; second prize for 25 English miles—time, 101 min.; second prize for 10 English miles against time with the London champion—time, 30 minutes. On March 6, 1880, he won the two miles champion ship, held at Southport. On April 10, 1880, at Southport, he accepted a challenge from the Russian champion, the king of skaters, and won this vent by over 1 mile. On Dec. 30, 1882, he won the championship of the midland counties of England. He has also taken first prizes at skating matches at Bolton, Blackpool, Preston, Waterloo, Birkenhead, and many other places in England. He has an open challenge to meet any one in this country.

HE TOSSSED THE BABY.

George Metz, while laboring under a fit of temporary insanity, ran into the room of his sister at Pittsburg, on Aug. 9, and seizing an eighteen-months-old child, threw it out of the second-story window. The mother, who was horror-stricken, rushed out expecting to find her babe dead on the sidewalk, but, marvelous as it may appear, the child was alive and uninjured. Metz has been placed in the Insane Asylum.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

The Celebrated New York Dubs Get the Tar Knocked Out of Them.

THE relics of the once-famous Chicago Club, better known as Spaulding's traveling museum, arrived in this city, Saturday, Aug. 16, and played off a postponed game of May 6 with the New Yorks, at the Polo Ground. About 2,500 people went to see the sport, and from the style in which the game opened, it looked as though the New Yorks were going to make a holy show of the notorious Western tanks, as they scored four runs in the first inning, one of them being a home-run made by McKinnon, who sent in Gillespie and Dorgan, who had likewise got their bases on clean hits. Mickey Welch pitched like a little race-horse, and had the nine given him any support at all, the three-footed gentlemen from Chicago would have had their pins knocked from under them. In the third inning the New Yorks went to pieces like a lot of dough men, and allowed the ex-champions to score seven runs, when, in reality, they should not have had a single one of them, but out of charity for Gillespie, what should have been a glaring error for him, was given as a three-base hit for Pfeifer, which caused two of the seven runs to be earned. Had Gillespie caught the ball hit by Pfeifer, however, it would have saved the dubs from many an unkind comment, and would have closed the inning without a run having been scored. Gillespie was afraid of making an error, however, and stood still until he saw the ball over his head, and then he ran at a snail's gallop for fear some one would think he was trying to catch it. This was a sufficient start for the Troy delegation, and their mouths all dropped in unity, and it is only a wonder to us that the Chicago Club didn't score 700 runs instead of seven, before the close of the game. The New Yorks hadn't got over their streak of bad playing as the close of the inning, so the following inning was a repetition of the third; three runs having been added to the Chicago score, and only one of them earned. This gave Baby's boys the lead by 10 to 4, and made the infant look supremely happy. The New Yorks kind of half redeemed themselves in the fifth inning, when they did some very pretty batting and scored three runs, two of which were earned. They spoiled this, however, by virtually presenting the Chicago with a run in the sixth inning. In the seventh inning the New Yorks scored their last two runs of the game on clever hitting by Gillespie and Dorgan, and glaring errors by big Anson and Burns. Hankinson, feeling that the Chicagoans were not beating them bad enough, presented them with two more runs in the eighth inning by a wild throw to McKinnon, which let in Flint and Dalrymple. It was a most beastly exhibition of ball-playing, and the crowd were thoroughly disgusted with the manner in which the New Yorks handled themselves. A few more games like this and they won't even get the hoodlums to waste their time by taking in the outside of the fence.

Players.	A.	B.	R.	1B.	T.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Ewing, c.....	5	1	2	4	6	3	1	0	0	0
Ward, 2d b.....	5	1	2	2	3	2	0	1	0	0
Connor, c. f.....	5	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0
Gillespie, l. i.....	5	2	3	3	2	0	0	0	0	0
Dorgan, r. f.....	5	2	3	3	1	0	0	1	0	0
Hankinson, 3d b.....	4	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Cashins, s. s.....	4	0	0	1	1	2	1	2	1	0
Welch, p.....	4	1	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	41	9	14	19	24	8	11	0	0	0

CHICAGO.

Players.	A.	B.	R.	1B.	T.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Dalrymple, l. f.....	5	1	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Gore, c. f.....	6	1	3	3	3	0	0	0	0	0
Kelly, 2d b.....	5	0	1	1	2	0	0	0	0	0
Flint, r. f.....	5	1	1	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Williamson, 3d b.....	5	2	2	4	2	0	0	1	0	0
Burns, s. s.....	4	2	0	0	3	2	1	0	0	0
Brown, p.....	5	3	2	2	0	0	2	1	0	0
Flint, c.....	5	2	4	4	3	5	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	41	9	15	19	27	14	4	0	0	0

Score by Innings.

Cubs.	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.
New York.....	4	0	0	0	3	0	2	0	0
Chicago.....	0	0	7	3	0	1	0	2	13

Runs earned—New Yorks, 3; Chicago, 3. First base on balls—New Yorks, 6; Chicago, 4. First base on errors—New Yorks, 4; Chicago, 6. Struck out—New Yorks, 4; Chicago, 6. Left on bases—New Yorks, 5; Chicago, 12. Three-base hits—Ewing, Pfeifer, and Williamson. Homers—McKinnon. Double plays—McKinnon, 1; Ewing and Ward, 1. Wild pitches—Welch, 1. Passed balls—Flint, 2. Time—Two hours and thirty minutes. Umpire—Mr. McLane.

Will Manager Price ever take a drop and make Ward pitch? **BILLY** White is rapidly losing his grip in the Cincinnati Club. FINANCIALLY the Kansas City Club are proving a grand success. The New Yorks anticipate giving the Buffaloes a pretty hard fight for third place.

DAVE Orr handles the willow just a trifle better than any other man in the baseball arena.

It is now beginning to dawn upon the Bostons that they are not quite as strong as the Providence Club.

THE CLEVELANDS have been playing in much better form since the accession of Glasscock, Brody and McCormick.

PEGGY MALONE has caught the appointment of League umpire in place of Burns, who was unmercifully bounced.

THE Buffaloes made no mistake when they gobbled Eden, of the disbanded Grand Rapids, as he is a slugger of the first water.

McKINNON is monkeying around for his release from the Louisvilles, but he will land himself on the black-list if he is not a little more careful.

It looks as if the days of the famous reserve rule were numbered. The old associations in their greed bit off more than they could chew.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that the Toledos are playing in brilliant style, they are on the verge of bankruptcy and are liable to go to the wall almost any day.

The local feeling about the desertion has crystallized; and it is gladness in McCormick's case, sorrow in Glasscock's, and indifference in Brody's.—*Cleveland Herald*.

THIRTY-NINE cents on the dollar is the best compromise the Peoria management could make with their players for unpaid wages at the time of their disbandment.

MANAGER O'LEARY, of the Cincinnati Unions, is lying dangerously ill with his corns, and unless he can find shoes large enough for his feet it is feared that he will never be able to walk again.

THE people in Pittsburg are rapidly growing weary of those American Association representatives, and it is more than likely that a strong Union Association club will be located in that city next season.

THE PORTLAND Press think Joselyn is one of the finest basemen they ever saw, but as they never saw any good basemen how are we to tell what kind of a hairpin this Joselyn is or how well he can cover a base?

O'CONNOR was indisposed and did not feel like pitching against the Boston Reserves. The Portlands were similarly affected and did not feel like keeping O'Connor in their employ any longer, so we took the string and let him drift.

FINANCIALLY the Northwestern League has proved a dead failure this season, as every club in the association has been forced to the wall that has not received assistance by subscription from the citizens of the places they represented.

A SCRAPING match took place on a sleeper between Cincinnati and Louisville, but the riot was stopped before a man was killed, although they were both shooting their mouths off at random. The combatants were Pete Browning and Hecker.

TOMMY BORN has made the discovery that there is a vast difference between the pitching of the present date and that of fifty years ago, when he was in his prime. He used to be a king-pin, but now the boys hit so hard that they lose the ball.

CARLTON tried to work a point by playing Fennelly before his ten days were up, but he got badly left. He telegraphed all the club managers in the American Association, but none of them would give their consent. So he had to give it up as a bad job.

THERE was no money in baseball for the Northwestern League clubs this season. So one by one they have been turning up their

toes. Even the leaders in the race, the famous Grand Rapids, were forced to the wall, Aug. 11, and the Detroit League Club gobbled up the nucleus of their team.

A BASEBALL-PLAYER out in Colorado has been killed, by lightning. No particulars have come to hand, but he had probably just muffed an easy fly at the time when there were two men on bases.—*Buffalo Express*.

HORACE PHILLIPS, the wandering Jew, has brought up in Pittsburgh, and if he does not get ball-playing out of the Allegheny Club, it will be because there is no ball-playing in them. Horace, though slippery as an eel, is a first-class disciplinarian and is a thoroughbred in every sense of the word.

In spite of the most persistent efforts of the New Yorks, they could not win the Boston series. Saving Mickey Welch to do up the Bostons, and sacrificing everything—even games to Providence—availed not to win the series. The hand was cleverly applied to the ball, which came out even.—*Boston Globe*.

THE PROVIDENCE management tried a new remedy on Radburn's sore arm, and, miraculously as it may seem, he received instant relief, and has not been troubled with an ache or a pain since the application of the greenback poultice, the greatest cure on earth, which was put on him in the shape of an advance in his salary.

BILLY QUINN, of this city, one of the latest additions to the American Association staff of umpires, is by no means a dub, as some of the Western toughs have recently discovered. The moment any insulting remarks are made Quinn spots his man and stops the game until the police place the high board fence between the game and the offender.

To glance over a Boston paper one not accustomed to the American style of doing business would imagine that the Boston press and the Boston baseball management was all one concern. The Boston *Globe* even goes so far as to name the open dates of the Boston Reserves and invite the clubs in the vicinity of the Hub to try to arrange so as to fill in.

THE UNION Association have been trying to induce the Quicksteps of Wilmington, to accept the vacancy made by the disbandment of the Keystones, of Philadelphia, but the Quicksteps manager preferred being a king of a small realm to a private in a great kingdom, consequently he put his finger to his nose and said he guessed he would remain in the Eastern Association.

LITTLE GEORGE George is broken-hearted over the great success of the Cincinnati Unions. He had lived in hope of his friend Taylor being able to kill the Unions by shouting "wreckers," but his voice was too puny and the Unions have steadily been gaining ground, and unless another earthquake comes along and swallows up the Unions and their ball-ground, it is feared that the Cincinnati Americans will lose their grip on the public.

ANSON made himself the laughing-stock of the country Aug. 11, by his pig-headed foolishness in giving the Buffaloes the game 9 to 0 simply because he couldn't bulldoze them. The crowd were dissatisfied, so he agreed to play a postponed game and had to give the Buffaloes a reasonable allowance of money in addition to their share of the gate receipts on the forfeited game as a substitute of the gate receipts for the new game, which they wouldn't have had to pay if it had been played on any other day.

IT seems a perfect shame that the men in charge of the lunatic asylums don't keep a closer watch over the crazy people and not have all the idiots in the country showering letters upon us, asking to have us settle all their disputes and grievances. Some idiot from Nebraska writes to us to make a decision upon a sprint running match between two ball-players, which two judges on the ground were unable to decide. His explanation to us was not very clear, but as near as we can get at it, one fellow ran through the Rocky Mountains while the other jumped over, and the escaped lunatic claims that the fellow who ran through the mountain did not cover as much ground as the fellow who did the jumping, and we have an idea from the tone of his letter that he had money at stake and wants us to decide in favor of the fellow who jumped over.

THE manner in which the New York Club is handled is attracting attention throughout the entire country. There seems to be a screw loose somewhere. Whether the fault lies with lack of management or too much management is a difficult matter to determine; but that the club is without a head is very apparent. Price is the figure-head for the position, but it is feared that the empty title is all that he can boast of, as there are at the very least four men who have the authority or power to step forward and countermand any order that Manager Price issues. They not only have power, but they carry it into execution very frequently to the detriment of the club. While Manager Price is an inexperienced man in baseball matters, he has two good coaches in Ward and Ewing, which gives the club about seven managers.

Price has to depend largely on these two crack players for his managerial knowledge, he cannot very well force them to perform duty which they are inclined to shirk, consequently he is not getting the work out of the team that he should get. Ward's arm is as well now as it ever was, nevertheless, he doesn't pitch a game, and Ewing and Welch, instead of pitching and catching together as a team, seldom play together, Ewing invariably catching Begley, while Oxley and Loughran take turns at supporting Welch. The latter is really at heart lazy, and doesn't pitch over two, or at the very outside three, times a week, when he ought to be made pitch every day, as he is strong and perfectly able to do it. If the club was managed by a man who had full control, and one who had nerve enough to force the men to play ball or fine them heavily for their indolence, the New York Club would this day stand at the head of the list, instead of away down where they are at present.

A TERROR FROM THE SEA.

[Subject of Illustration.]

THE GOVERNMENT officials at Washington got a terrible scare on Aug. 19, in a dispatch from the United States Consul at Barbadoes, giving the most startling information. This was to the effect that on the 16th Inst. the British ship Bracadaile, which put in at St. Lucia, sailed from that port for New York. The vessel has on board 651 coolies from Calcutta, who are taken to America as laborers under the contract system, which has been worked for several years past with Italians of the lowest order.

When this crowded vessel, which presented the appearance of an old-time slave-ship, arrived at St. Lucia it was found that cholera was raging on board among the poor, huddled creatures. The disease had broken out after the ship had been ten days at sea from Calcutta. By the time the overcrowded vessel had reached the Barbadoes there had been eighteen deaths, and the dread scourge was raging with fury, over 100 being down with it. The captain made for the Windward Islands and put in at St. Lucia for relief, fearing that the whole ship's company might be swept away and the ship left a helpless floating pesthouse in midocean.

The authorities warned him off, and the leper of the seas lumbered wearily away with her load of plague-stricken humanity, pointing for the metropolis of the New World.

This statement gave a panic shock to official nerves here. The Marine Hospital Service notified the New York authorities to keep a sharp lookout for the terrible visitor, and to keep her away. There is undeniably great alarm prevailing in official circles in consequence of this terrible news. The mere arrival of such a ship will, it is feared, start a panic in New York, and therefore measures of extreme stringency (some would say cruelty) are to be employed in this case.

A RATTLING GOOD TEAM.

[With Portraits.]

In all the round of the specialty business there is not a nearer team in action, nor a melodious in song and dialogue than Charles Diamond, the salatory harpist, and Miss Mary Wilton, his mellifluous professional mate. Excellent portraits of these two graceful performers—so well-known public performers—decorate the pages of the POLICE GAZETTE this week.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO NEWSDEALERS!

Where, from any cause, obstacles are thrown in the way of selling the

Police Gazette and Week's Doings,

Knocked Out by a Foul.

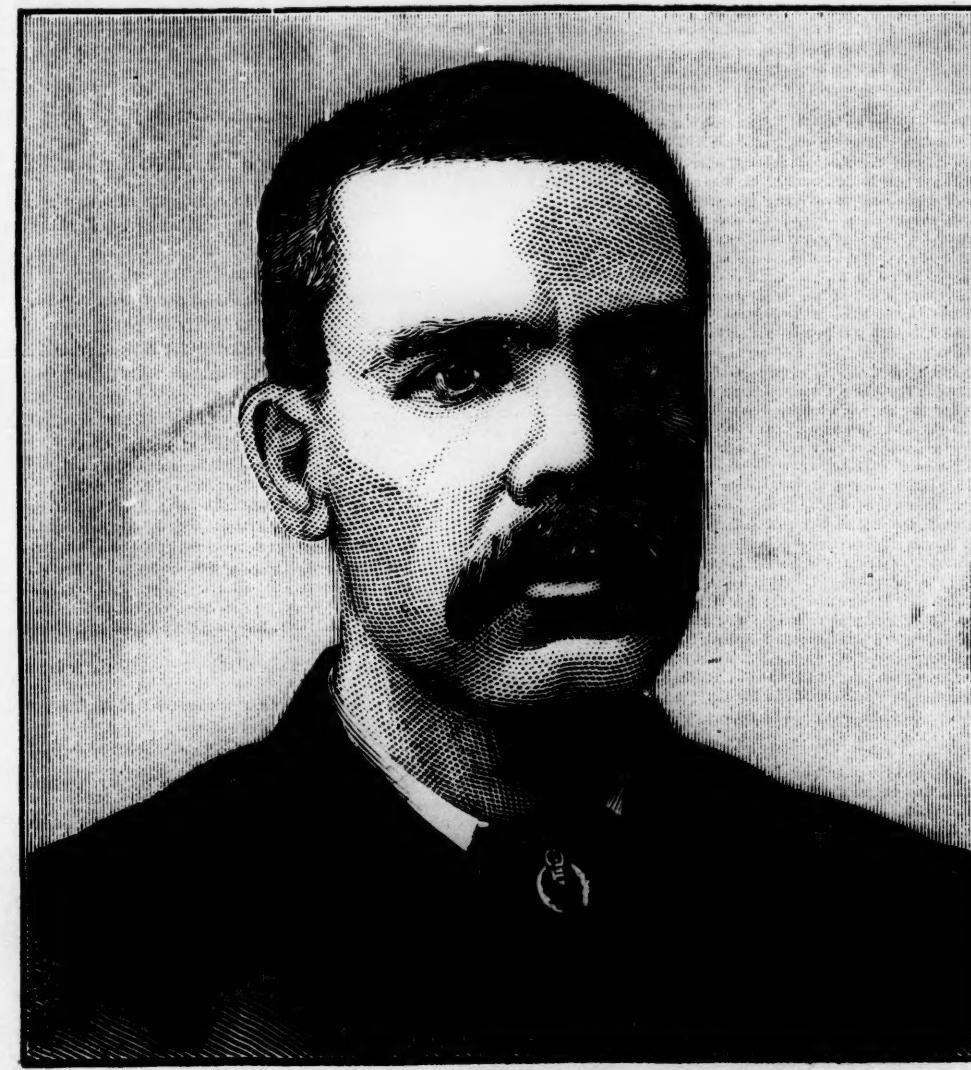
John McCloud, who was the winner of the "Police Gazette" champion belt of Arizona, was foully murdered at a mining camp near Nacosari, Sonora, on Aug. 2. He met his death at the hands of James Powers, a half-breed. It seems that the two parties had some trouble the night previous at a social gathering, when the assassin, Powers, took occasion to obtrude his unwelcome presence upon McCloud, and cast insinuations which any man in the world would resent, and which McCloud promptly re-



JOHN MCLOUD,

EX-CHAMPION OF ARIZONA, BRUTALLY MURDERED AT NACOSARI, SONORA.

sented by punishing the slanderer severely in the way he so well knew. Early the following morning Powers was noticed in the immediate vicinity of the camp, but no suspicion attached to his movements until a little later, when, as McCloud was coming down the creek leading his horse, Powers quickly crossed the creek, and stepping from behind some willow bushes, faced McCloud, who was then only about 100 feet away, and leveling a Colt's six-shooter in both hands, fired the fatal shot before McCloud had time to realize what his intentions were. The bullet entered at the right corner of McCloud's mouth, and coursing upward lodged in the brain, producing almost instant death. Immediately the whole camp was alarmed, and



WILLIAM BEACH,

THE AUSTRALIAN OARSMAN, WHO RECENTLY DEFEATED EDWARD HANLAN, THE HITHERTO CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

the red-handed murderer captured and securely confined and guarded by the officials. Some of the victim's good friends were inclined to do what would have been done across the line, but feelings had to be curbed under the circumstances, and the ends of justice awaited.

A Sly Couple Caught.

They thought they were very smart, young Ida Reese and the young married man from New York, Chas. W. Dwight, but they got caught. They were stopping at the same boarding-house, near

Fort Lee. Charley bade his wife good-by and started for New York to attend to business, as he said, and shortly after Ida, artful girl, sailed out, saying she was going to a country church meeting just to see what it was like. Both strayed to a German picnic-ground, both met, embraced, kissed, danced, drank beer and strayed off into the umbrageous fastnesses of the grove for sweet converse. There Ida's brother and her intended found them fast asleep in loving proximity, while wandering through the sylvan shades on larks intent. What a row! What a circus! What a punching of

heads! It beggars description! We drop it here, but the divorce courts will take it up in the fall and round the story off.

Died On the Track.

One of those accidents which cast a gloom over horse-racing occurred at Brighton Beach track on Aug. 15, when young Saxe, the jockey, was thrown on his head and killed. It was in the second contest, when twelve animals had entered. He was on Carlisle, and in his endeavors to get through the ruck at the commence-



JOHN SAXE,

THE YOUNG JOCKEY WHO WAS KILLED WHILE RIDING A RACE AT BRIGHTON BEACH.

ment of the stables the horse swerved to the outside and made a bolt, throwing Saxe onto his head, causing concussion of the brain, which killed him almost instantly. The poor jockey, who was only sixteen years old, was buried on Sunday, Aug. 17. A number of prominent horsemen were present, and the pall-bearers were all jockeys. The procession moved from the church around on the race-track, and thence to Greenwood Cemetery. Immediately following the hearse came the horse, Carlisle, from which Saxe was thrown, with the dead jockey's spurred boots in the stirrups. Following Carlisle came the horse which Saxe was to have ridden in the next race. The grief of Saxe's fellow-jockeys was undisguised.



CAUGHT THEM NAPPING.

HOW SLY CUPID WAS OVERPOWERED AND BETRAYED BY MORPHEUS AT A FORT LEE PICNIC.

Harry James.

Harry James, the English pugilist, now in this country, was born in London, England, Nov. 8, 1862. His parents removed to Birmingham, where, at the age of sixteen, he became a pupil of Charley Norton, until Norton left England, when he went under care of Jim Finch. His first encounter ended in his winning a medal at Birmingham. His second go was with Ike Sataway, four rounds, Queensberry rules, for a £25 cup, and was won by James, who was but 116 pounds, while Sataway scaled 162 pounds. He then joined the Birmingham Amateur Boxing Association, and in 1881 fought Hobday, of London, for the light-weight championship, and won after a hard fight. Subsequently he challenged Hobday to another "go" for a £25 trophy, but the latter would not respond. James next joined and was made instructor of the Hockley Amateur Boxing Association, which position he held up to the time of his departure for this country some nine months ago. Previous to his departure he re-

ceived a forfeit from Jim Ellis, of Birmingham. Since his arrival here he has made many friends by his clever boxing, and these are willing to pit him against any 128-pound fighter in the country. He stands 5 feet 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches, and in condition will weigh 128 to 130 pounds.

The Twenty-Second Baseball Team.

We continue this week our portraits of National Guard baseball men, by presenting the team of the Twenty-second regiment of New York. The club was organized in May, 1884, and the men selected to uphold the honor of the favorite regiment have made a good showing this season. Their first match was with the Twenty-third, at Brooklyn, on June 28, which they lost. But they soon came to the front, winning two games from the Thirteenth and two from the Seventh.

THE cockney was right when he said: "There's an 'I' of a difference between an amateur and professional ball player." One plays for play, the other plays for pay.



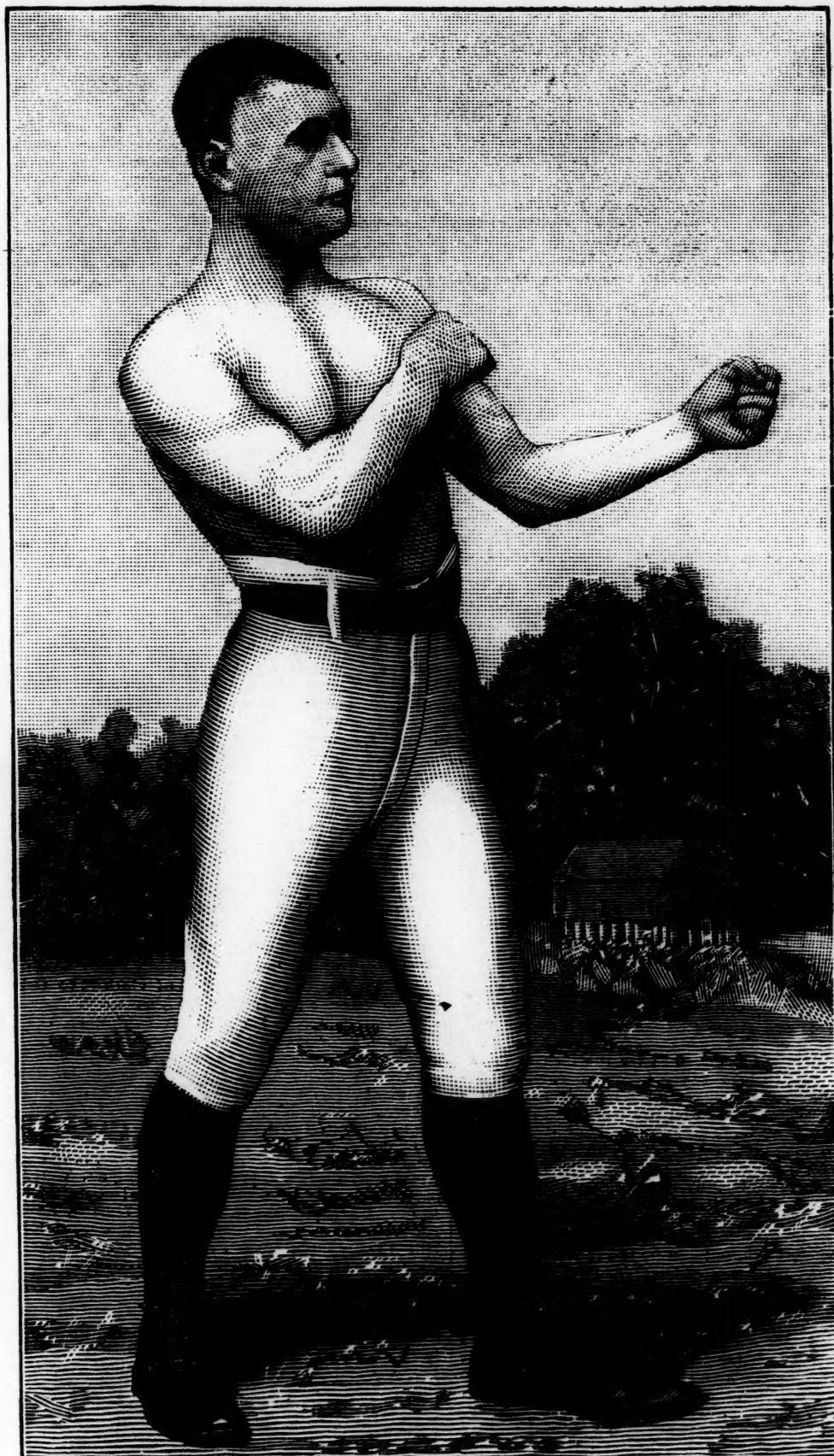
JAMES LEE.

M. E. BOYNTON.
SAM COPINS.MALCOLM MACGREGOR.
A. J. MOORE.S. G. WELLS.
B. F. TURNER.CHAS. FOXWELL.
W. J. KATTL.

M. L. COLLARD.

NATIONAL GUARD BALL-PLAYERS.

THE BASEBALL TEAM OF THE TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT, NEW YORK.



HARRY JAMES.

THE NOTED ENGLISH PUGILIST, NOW IN THIS COUNTRY SEEKING FOR GLORY.

[Photo by John Wood.]

THE CHAMPION ENGLISH ROLLER-SKATER, ANXIOUS TO MAKE A MATCH IN AMERICA.

[Photo by John Wood.]

W. H. CHIVERS.

THE CHAMPION ENGLISH ROLLER-SKATER, ANXIOUS TO MAKE A MATCH IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,

Franklin Square and Dover Street, New York.

★★ Beach's time, when he beat Hanlan, was the fastest on record.

★★ Pittsburgh will have a six-day go-as-you-please race for females, commencing Aug. 25.

★★ It is announced Robert Bonner will allow Maud S. to trot in public, but not for money.

★★ No comment can be made on Hanlan's unlooked-for defeat by William Beach until particulars arrive.

★★ The Toronto Bicycle Club will hold its annual games Sept. 16. There are 1, 3 and 5-mile races open to all.

★★ James Murphy, the wrestler, and an Unknown spar 6 rounds at Mineville, N. Y., on Sept. 15, for \$1,000 a side.

★★ Over \$15,000 changed hands on the Hanlan and Beach race rowed on Aug. 16, on the Paramatta river, Australia.

★★ Charley Price says he will give J. H. Gifford 125 yards in a 3-mile race, the race to come off in four weeks.

★★ Gus Lambert, wrestler and boxer, is proprietor of the Lambert Hotel, 188-190 St. Lawrence street, Montreal, Canada.

★★ W. Cummings, the professional long-distance champion of England, recently defeated Cox in a 4-mile race. Time 20m 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

★★ Jack McClellan, of Brooklyn, knocked out Jim Sweeney in a reported prize fight at Brooklyn after fighting 17 rounds on Aug. 20.

★★ The wrestling match between the Japanese Hamada Korkichi and Elwin Bibby was declared off on Aug. 16, Bibby having an attack of cholera.

★★ H. M. Johnson, the sprint runner, offers to run any man in America 100 yards, for from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side, the race to be run in New York.

★★ It is reported that Rowell and Fitzgerald are again to compete in a six-day, 12 hours a day, go-as-you-please, at the London Agricultural Hall.

★★ In a 100-yard race for \$100 a side, between F. A. Bond and T. E. Raftery, at Franklin Park, Sangus, Mass., Aug. 11, Bond won by a yard in 11s.

★★ Frank Hart, the pedestrian, is in Chicago, whence he writes denying the published reports of his having been forced to leave that city after the O'Leary walk.

★★ James Finney, the English swimmer, and John Haggerty, of Stalybridge, Eng., are to swim 500 yards, for the professional championship of Lancashire.

★★ Capt. James C. Daly's pupil, Ernest Roche, challenges Harry N. Herber or young Bibby to wrestle best two in three falls, Greco-Roman, for a gold medal.

★★ Daniel McSweeney won the final race for the Barnaby medal, on Lake Quinsigamond, Mass., Aug. 13, defeating William Forrest and rowing the 3 miles in 22m 36s.

★★ James Faulkner and Bennie Jones, the two champion wrestlers of the world at their weights opened upon a two weeks engagement at Clark's Club theater, Philadelphia, Aug. 18.

★★ A grand benefit ball will be tendered to James Maher and James Williams, at Warren Lewis' Dancing Pavilion, opposite old Iron Pier, Coney Island, on Thursday evening, Sept. 4, 1884.

★★ The Philadelphia Market Baseball Club of Newark, N. J., challenges any retail meat and vegetable market nine in the States of New York and New Jersey to a match game of ball for \$250 a side.

★★ Hanlan's defeat by Beach in Australia has set all the sporting men thinking. Many declare Hanlan sold the race, others insist that he was "off," or not in condition, while some think it was a fixture.

★★ E. H. DeBoer, champion one-legged swimmer, challenges any one-legged person, under twenty-one years of age, to a long-distance swimming match; time and money to be mutually agreed upon.

★★ The black mare Flash, 210 $\frac{1}{2}$, by Bone-setter, dam by Driver, has been purchased from Campbell Brown, of Spring Hill, Tenn., by John D. Rockefeller, for \$7,500. He will be used as mate for Midnight, 210 $\frac{1}{2}$, to the pole.

★★ The Atlantic Athletic Club, of New Orleans, held meeting at their rooms, 129 Canal street, Aug. 7, and unanimously elected Mr. Richard K. Fox an honorary member. The association has a membership of 250.

★★ Bill Murray defeated Charley Devinney in a battle with bare knuckles, according to London prize ring rules, at Shady Hill, Pa., on Aug. 20. Twenty-nine rounds were fought, and both pugilists badly punished.

★★ Judge Lewis, of Buffalo, now rides a bicycle at Buffalo. He makes a great sensation when he mounts the iron steed, but when he speeds he travels at such a rate that nearly every one expects to see him get a header.

★★ Joe Acton, the wrestler, threw George Molineaux twice inside of 8m, at Arthur Chambers' Philadelphia, Aug. 11. Molineaux, who weighed nearly 200 lbs., had accepted Acton's offer of \$100 to any man he could not throw.

★★ Burton, the well-known son of Billet and Distraction, after running so poorly in the Trenton stakes, at Monmouth Park, was sold by the Dwyers to Baldwin Bros. for \$2,500, they having previously refused \$3,500 from Harvey Welch.

★★ Hosmer and Teemer are matched to row 3 miles on Haggeret's Pond, near Andover, Mass., for a purse of \$1,000. The race will take place Sept. 3, and Teemer will give Hosmer 5 seconds start. The winner is to get two-thirds of the receipts.

★★ Frank J. Mumford, of the Perseverance crew, is strongly suspected of crooked rowing at Washington, July 31. He was the favorite by long odds, but made no exertion to win. His entry to the Watkins regatta recently was rejected by a committee of the N. A. A. O.

★★ At the meeting of the Blackheath Harriers in London, recently, W. G. George ran half a mile on grass in 1m 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ s, which is only a fraction of a second behind Slade's best on record, 1m 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. He also beat the 2-mile record on grass, covering the distance in 9m 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

★★ Pierre Lorillard says if Baldwin, the millionaire turfman, is not satisfied with the result of the races for the Champion Stallion stakes, that he will give him a race at the same distance, for from \$5,000 to \$25,000 to be run at the present meeting, or at Sheephead Bay if he prefers it.

★★ Harry Parker, the oarsman, of St. Louis, has issued the following challenge: "I hereby challenge James W. Kennedy, of Quincy, to a sculling match of 3 miles, with a turn, for \$250 a side, the race to be rowed on Grove Cesar lake on any date during the latter part of this month."

★★ Col. Tom Earley, the boniface of the Earley House, Lagrange street, Boston, recently returned from England, and brought the greatest collection of sporting pictures ever seen in this country. They can be seen among the thousand other sporting cuts which make the Earley House an attraction.

★★ F. McLaughlin, who was ruled off the Saratoga Course July 25, 1883, for an alleged attempt to bribe John Spellman to pull Fellowplay in a race at 1 mile 500 yards, was on Aug. 13 restored to the privilege of the course. Frank is a brother of James McLaughlin, Dwyer Bros' famous jockey.

★★ Jay-Eye-See and Phallas are to trot against their records at Prospect Park Brooklyn Fair Grounds on Aug. 23. After this trial Jay-Eye-See and Phallas will go West, and, as the stable desire to depart with all the *éclat* possible, a strong effort will be made to have both horses lower the records.

★★ On Aug. 21 Martin Dempsey defeated D. Leahy, at Rockaway, in a collar-and-elbow wrestling match, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$400. Dempsey won the first fall in 35m, the third fall and the match in 20m. Leahy won the second bout in 2h and 25m. The winner is a brother to Jack Dempsey, the pugilist.

★★ Eph. Morris says John Teemer will row either Edward Hanlan or William Beach for \$2,500 a side, over any suitable lake course in England, within four months, 5 miles with one turn, and course to be mutually acceptable. They will pay their own expenses. Will make the London *Sportsman* stakeholder if necessary.

★★ At Providence, R. I., on Aug. 18, Frank Work's double team, Edward and Dick Swiveller, were driven by John Murphy, at Narragansett Park, to beat their record of 210 $\frac{1}{2}$ for a purse of \$1,000. They succeeded in doing so in hand-some style with the following record: First quarter, 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ s; second, 107 $\frac{1}{2}$; third, 142 $\frac{1}{2}$; mile, 2:16 $\frac{1}{2}$.

★★ The dog-fight between Boxer, of Fall River, Mass., and Duddy, of Boston, was fought in a pit on Long Island, on Aug. 18. The dogs weighed 23 lbs, and fought for \$250 a side. The affair brought out a large number of Boston, Providence and Fall River sporting men. The fight was a desperate one for 1h and 7m, when the Boston dog won, killing Boxer in the pit.

★★ If the champion short-distance runners went on their merits at Pittsburg, on Aug. 18, Fred. W. Stone is the champion. In the 100-yard heats for \$600, he beat W. Boyd, of Napanee, Canada; James Quirk, of Brantford, Canada; W. Haugh, of Niles, Mich., and Gus Carruthers of Canada. Quirk won the first heat in 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. Stone won the second and third heats and race, making both heats in 10s.

★★ A dog-fight between the imported English brindle Jim, the property of an English nobleman, backed by Boston and English sportsmen, and a light brindle from Philadelphia, for \$2,500, took place at a road-house near Long Island City on Aug. 18. The Philadelphia dog won, killing his antagonist after two hours' fighting. A large amount of money changed hands, the English dog having been the favorite.

★★ The 125-yard race, open to all, for the champion of America, was run at Pittsburg, Pa., on Aug. 18, and was won by M. K. Kittleman, of Harper, Kan. He defeated John Ryan, an English sprinter, under an alias; W. H. Johnson, of New York, who ran 100 yards at Pastime Park, recently, in 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ s, and Fred. Rogers, of Philadelphia. Kittleman ran both heats in 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ s, which equals the best time on record.

★★ L. E. Myers, Harry Fredericks and Frank P. Murray, the American champion athletes, who arrived from England, on Aug. 17, were banqueted at the Manhattan Athletic Club-rooms, Eighty-sixth street, New York, on Aug. 19. Myers was the hero of the hour, and so he should be, for while in Philadelphia he beat the best record for running half a mile, covering the distance in 1m 55 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ s, and beat the English records for 400, 500, 600, 800, 900, and 1,000 yards.

★★ At Chicago Driving Park races, on Aug. 18, in the Sherman House stakes, for all ages, three-quarters of a mile heats, Nora M. won the first heat in hand by a length, Allee second, a short length in front of La Belle N., third, Thady fourth. Time, 1:18 $\frac{1}{2}$. French pools paid \$10.80. Alice won the second heat by a nose from Nora M., La Belle N. third, Thady fourth. Time, 1:14 $\frac{1}{2}$. French pools paid \$14.20. Allee won the third heat and the race by ten lengths. Time 1:17 $\frac{1}{2}$.

★★ Gus Tuthill, the boniface of the Rochester House, who backed Jack Dempsey to fight George Fulljames, and McHenry Johnson against Billy Wilson, the colored pugilist, of Boston, has deposited \$100 forfeit at the POLICE GAZETTE office to cover a challenge from George Taylor, the light-weight colored champion, to fight any colored pugilist in America at 130 lbs, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side. The contest to be decided either according to London prize ring, or "Police Gazette" rules.

★★ On Aug. 16 a number of sporting men visited a well-known sporting resort near Long Island City to witness a dog-fight between Dick, a 38-pound dark brindle, the property of a Boston politician, and Stranger, a 30-pound dog, owned in Greenpoint. The fight was for \$500 a side and a silver collar to be worn by the champion. Before the fight the betting was even. The battle was a fierce one, lasting 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ m, and resulted in the death of Dick. Stranger was badly injured, having his leg broken.

★★ At the Williamsburgh Athletic Club Grounds, Brooklyn, E. D. on Aug. 13, the special attraction was the attempt of H. M. Johnson to beat all records for running 75 yards. He ran in a handicap, allowing Walter Hegeman 7 yards. B. H. Tobay fired the pistol, and S. C. Austin and W. Robinson were special time keepers. At the crack of the pistol Johnson seemed to fly; at 60 yards he caught Hegeman, went by him like a flash, and landed himself a winner by 2 yards in the phenomenal time of 7.2 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. The best

previous record was 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ s by L. E. Myers. Johnson's starting is wonderful.

★★ W. G. George, the greatest runner, at certain distances, in the world, on July 23, at Stamford Bridge, London, England, run against Wm. Bennett's (Deerfoot) 1-hour record, which is 11 miles 970 yards, the greatest distance ever run in 1 hour. George was scratch man in a 12-mile handicap, which was won by little J. E. Dixon, who covered the 12 miles in 63m 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ s, and George, who gave him 6m 15s start, would have beaten him if he had made the 12 miles, and not 11 miles 970 yards, the point for his final effort. George ran 11 miles 932 yards 9 inches, the greatest distance ever run by an amateur.

★★ Letters are lying at this office for the following: L. Alarzopania, Doc Baggs, Mr. Calvin, Thos. Cannon (wrestler), Robt. Donaldson, Miss Annie Dunscombe, Frank Downey, Wm. Daly, owner of dog Ne; Wm. Edwards (2), Dave Fitzgerald, Bob Farrell, Dick Garvin, Ed. Gates (2), Thomas King (2), Geo. Lake, Miss Agnes Leonardi, Geo. W. Lee, Michael McCarthy, Wm. Muidon (2), Mike McCooe, Wm. Mantell, James T. McVeigh, Manager Female Bassball Club, Philadelphia, Pa.; Chas. Prudington, J. S. Prince, Carlos Martino, John Ronan (2), Hugh Robinson (3), Miss Katie Stokes, Wm. Stoops, Mile. St. Quentin, Miss Minnie Vernon, Harry Woodson, Clarence Whistler.

★★ The match between Matsada Sorakichi, the "Police Gazette" Japanese wrestler, and James Quigley, the champion wrestler of the New York Police Department, arranged for Aug. 19, at Turn Hall, Fourth street, New York, ended very abruptly. About five hundred assembled to witness the struggle. Quigley weighed 217 lbs just 61 pounds more than the Jap. Odds of \$15 to \$10 were laid, the gigantic policeman having the call. The contest while it lasted was quite interesting. The first bout was catch-as-catch-can. For 45 minutes the athletes struggled without either gaining a fall. Quigley finally refused to wrestle any longer, and James Pliskington, the referee, declared the Japanese the winner.

★★ The annual swimming races for the championship of the New York Athletic Club took place on Aug. 16, on the Harlem river, New York. In the 100-yard race there were four starters, H. E. Toussaint, J. I. Smith, K. K. Jenkins and James B. Moore. Mr. Toussaint won in 1m 27s, beating the previous records; Smith second. In the half-mile race there were seven competitors, who finished in the following order: H. E. Toussaint, H. B. Phinney, J. N. H. Cornell, C. F. Muller, Theodore Guerra, J. A. C. Queckner and F. K. Berlin. Mr. Toussaint kept it through the race, winning by 25 yards in 1m 56 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. Mr. Toussaint has won the championship two years in succession.

★★ The principal feature at the Metropolitan Baseball Park, New York, Aug. 16, was the shoot at pigeons, called the walking match. The trap judge prepares thirteen folded slips of paper, containing each a number from 3 to 15 respectively, from which the shooter draws one slip, which the puller and judge are only shown. The shooter then advances in a general right line from the score toward the traps; and when he has taken the number of steps which his drawn slip represents, the puller draws any two traps, one after the other. This was for a purse of \$200; two pairs of double clay pigeons. There were seventeen entries. Messrs. C. M. Stark, W. Luther, Dr. Gerrish and G. T. Tisbury tied for first place. Mr. Ziegler took second money.

★★ Jim Edmunds, the well-known Brooklyn middle-weight boxer, took a benefit at Woodside Park, Stamford, Conn., on Saturday afternoon, Aug. 16.

About 500 people assembled to witness the sports programmed. The 120-yard race was won by P. McEntyre in 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. Joe Fowler and George Young gave 3 good rounds of hit, stop and get away. Frank Cryder and Jack Williams surprised the crowd with their glove fight, the police interfering in the third round. The wind-up was between Denny Butler, of Philadelphia, and Jim Edmunds. This affair was tight all through the three rounds, Butler doing just as he pleased with the professor. The police again were brought into requisition, as poor Jim could hardly stand up. John Shanley, of Brooklyn, acted as referee.

★★ Articles of agreement were signed at the Club theatre, Philadelphia, Aug. 18, for a single-scull race between John Kirain, of Boston, and Jack Burke, the Irish Lad, who is matched to fight Hial H. Stoddard for \$2,000. James Keenan, of Boston, backs Kirain, while Harry Webb, the noted sporting man of Leadville, and John H. Clark, of Philadelphia, back Burke. The race will be 3 miles, with a turn, for \$500 a side, and will be rowed on the Schuykill on Sept. 24. Richard K. Fox will be final stakeholder and appoint the referee. Kirain won the junior single-scull at the National Amatuer regatta in 1883, and is first-class oarsman. He was recently disqualified for engaging in a glove contest with Jem Goode, at the Crib Club, at Boston. Burke is also an oarsman of considerable ability.

★★ The second half of Acton & Taylor's 130-yard foot handicap (\$150, \$35, \$10 and \$5) was run on Aug. 18, at Pastime Park, Philadelphia, and the prospect of fast sprinting drew a good-sized attendance. E. Gamble of Philadelphia, with 8 yards, and J. Wheat (colored) with 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards, ran a dead heat, with John Thomas, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards, third. Great excitement ensued, half the crowd shouting for Gamble, and the other for Wheat, while the referee was besieged by dozens of excited men, each one giving his opinion in the loudest voice he could raise. The referee stuck to his decision, and it remained for the men to decide what should be done—run again or divide first and second money, \$150 and \$35. The Gamble party were clamorous for another trial, but Wheat declined to go on the track again, so the \$150 was divided.

★★ The great single-scull professional race for a purse of \$1,000, at Richfield Springs, N. Y., on Aug. 16, was a big success. The contestants were Wallace Ross, George Gaisel, George W. Lee, Fred. Plaisted and J. H. Riley. The first heat was won by Riley over Ross and Plaisted in 1m. The second heat was rowed by Lee and Gaisel, and won by Lee in 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. The winners of the first and second heats and the second man in the first heat rowed the final heat. Ross won by a length, with Lee second, and Riley was four lengths behind. Time, 19:25. The course was over a three-quarter-mile stretch, with three turns, three miles to finish, thus bringing the

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